

THE
English Princess,

OR,
THE DEATH OF

*collated
&
Perfect.
J.V.K. 1000.*

RICHARD III.

A
TRAGEDY.

written by John Caryl.

*Nec minimum meruere decus vestigia Græcæ
Ausî deserere, & laudare domestica facta.
Horat. de Art. Poet.*

LICENSED,

May 22.
1667.

Roger L'Estrange.

First Edition.

LONDON,

Printed for Thomas Dring, and are to be sold at his Shop at the
Sign of the George in Fleetstreet, neer Cliffords-Inn. 1667.

PROLOGUE.

You must to day your Appetite prepare
For a plain English Treat of homely Fare :
We neither Bisque, nor Ollivs shall advance
From Spanish Novel, or from French Romance ;
Nor shall we charm your Ears, or feast your Eyes
With Turkey-Works, or Indian Rarities :
But to plain Hollinshead and down-right Stow
We the coarse Web of our Contrivance owe,
Since Laces, Ribbands, and such Modish geer
Fetcht from abroad are now forbidden here,
Amongst those Forreign Toys (for ought we know)
Fine Plots for Plays may be included too.
Greece, the first Mistress of the Tragick Muse,
To grace her Stage, did her own Heroes chuse ;
Their Pens adorn'd their Native Swords ; and thus
What was not Grecian past for Barbarous.
On us our Country the same duty lays,
And English Wit should English Valour raise.
Why should our Land to any Land submit
In choice of Heroes, or in height of Wit ?
This made him write, who never writ till now,
Only to shew what better Pens should do.
And for his Pains he hopes he shall be thought
(Though a bad Poet,) a good Patriot.

The Persons.

King Richard the third.

Queen Dowager of Edward the fourth.

Princess Elizabeth, Daughter of Edward the fourth.

Earl of Richmond, Crown'd Henry the seventh.

Earl of Oxford.

Lord Lovel.

Lord Stanly.

Sir William Catesby.

Lord Strange his Son.

Sir Richard Ratclife.

Lord Chandew of Bretany.

Miles Forrest.

Sir William Stanly.

The Priour of Litchfield.

Mrs. Stanly.

A Captain. A Lieutenant.

Charlot, Page to the Princess.

Souldiers, Guards, and Attendants.

The Scenes are laid in the Head-quarters of King Richard, and the Earl of Richmond, when they are in sight of one another.

THE

(1)

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English Princess,
OR,
THE DEATH OF
RICHARD III.
A
TRAGEDY.

ACTUS I.

Enter King, Lord Lovel, Sir William Catesby, Sir Richard Ratcliffe, with Guards and Attendants.

King. **T**He World must now confess, that Monarchs are
Of him, who rules above, the cheifest care :
For *Richmond*, whom in vain so long I fought,
Whom I with half my Realm had gladly bought,
Is (past retreat) brought home to my own door :
Heaven could not give me, nor I covet more !
Fond Boy ! what madness with such fatal speed
Under my Justice hastens thee to bleed ?
I owe thy Frenzy to my kinder Stars,
Who thus conclude my dangers, and my wars.

L. Lovel. The Powers above are now ambitious grown
To bribe your Favour, and preserve your Throne ;

(2)

They give you *Richmond*; and in giving him
They from the power of chance your Crown redeem:
Should the world joyn this Kingdom to devour,
It would not weaken, but declare your power.

Catesby. Tumultuous, and Unarm'd their Forces are,
And fit to make a riot, not a war:
The Crown tempts *Richmond*, like a silly Fly,
Which dazled with the flame does in it dy.
As Justice here below, so Heaven does blind
Their eyes, whose execution is design'd.

King. I both his rashness and his weakness know;
But those, who now are weak, may stronger grow;
I therefore have such preparations made,
As form an Army fitter to invade
Whole Kingdoms, then to quell a giddy Rout
Of half-starv'd Fugitives, newly thrust out
From Forreign Lands: Poor Worms! they shall not long
Attend their Fate. Treason though ne're so young,
And weak, should not be dally'd with, but must,
When first it buds, and in the shell be crush't.

Ratclife. Great Sir, these Fugitives will soon afford
More bus'ness for your Heads-man, then your Sword:
But 'tis not now their number, nor their armes,
That they confide in; they have other charms,
Which draw into their Circle, and bewitch
All those, whom either discontent, or Itch
Of novelty makes apt to be undone;
The Lady *El'sabeth's* weak right they own
To ground their Treason on: they boldly frame
All Orders, Warrants, Summons in her Name.
And thus the easie *Welch* (a Nation soon
Stirr'd up, and then again as soon laid down)
Caught with this Quail-pipe to their Camp resort,
And with Provisions the lean Troops support.

Catesby. Young *Richmond* does himself her Champion own,
And brags, his bus'ness is to place the Crown
On that young Lady's head, at least to dy
In the attempt. *King*. O rare Knight-Errantry!

By

(3)

By these degrees he would himself prefer
First to espouse her Quarrel, and then Her.
But this bold Youth shall feel, that he is more
Out-match't in Wit, and Policy, then Powe:
She shall be crown'd, and marry'd; but by thee,
Young Fool! nor crown'd, nor marry'd shall she be;
For when she wears a Crown, thou'lt want a Head;
Thou in thy Grave, she in her Marriage-Bed
At the same time shall lye. *Catesby*. Sir, will you give
Me leave to ask how your pretentions thrive,
And what impressiion they have made upon
That Lady's heart? She cannot be all Stone,
And still make answer with a sullen No,
When so much Power, and Eloquence shall woo.

King. Something tow'rds Conquest in the Siege is done;
For in the Queen I have the out-works won;
But the main Fort is such a stubborn Rock,
As does all Parlies, and all Stormings mock.

L. Lovel. The Mother gain'd is more then half the day;
A Daughter's duty must not disobey,
And the two greatest Powers at once withstand
Both of a Mother, and a King's Command.

Catesby. This present juncture of affairs requires
A speedy answer to your just desires:
You must those strict Formalities lay by,
Which custom pays to Virgin Modesty;
For now the publick safety does perswade
To court her like a Widow, not a Maid.

King. I know, how much depends on this dispatch;
The Peace of Nations rests upon our match:
I, and the Kingdom can no longer stay;
And if she will not love, she must obey.

Enter Lord Stanley.

SCENA.

SCENA II.

*King, Lord Stanly, Lord Lovel, Catesby, Ratcliffe,
and Lord Strange, &c.*

Catesby. Sir, my Lord *Stanly* is arriv'd. *King.* My best
Of Friends! O, let me lodge thee in my breast,
The Person of the World most coveted!
For my occasions want thy Hand, and Head,
Thy Councel, and thy Action. *L. Stanly.* Sir, to you
All, that I can, all, that I am, is due.

King. You now may shew it, *Stanly* in defence
Of your best Friend; For *Richmond* with pretence
Of right as weak, as his starv'd Forces are,
Invades the Land; whom nothing but despair,
Or hunger could have thrust on this design,
Unless some Traitors here should with him joyn.

L. Stanly. Poor *Mushrom*! His short date of Life is out,
Since all his hopes are in the fickle Rout;
Whose Favour is more various, then the Winds,
Whose Fortunes are more desp'rate, then their Minds.
But when your conqu'ring Army comes in sight,
You'll find them fit for slaughter, not for fight.
Of this a signal proof now brought me hither;
For having notice there was drawn together
A numerous body of the Borderers
'Twixt *Cheeshire*, and *North-Wales*; urg'd by my fears,
Left, unsupprest at first, this little Flame
Grown wider might become too fierce to tame,
I strait did hasten to their Rendezvous;
And, lest I should the fair advantage lose,
I did not for your Royal Order wait:
And, Sir, the issue was proportionate
Both to my Zeal, and Justice of your cause:
For now our Swords have left them to your Laws.

King. My Lord, this service to the full does shew
How much a King may to his Subject owe:

For

(5)

For *Richmond* these, and these had *Richmond* prop't,
Had not your Hand this budding Treason crop't.
And now, my Lord, I hope, your Forces are
Advancing hither ; For I ill can spare
About my Person, and within my call
Such Troops, as yours, and such a General.

L. Stanly. You are my Sov'raign (Sir) a double way ;
Your Wisdom, and your Power bear equal sway :
But, Sir, I fear th' effect, if we should joyn,
And all our Strength within one Camp confine.
You know, the Power by the Invader brought
(Compar'd to yours) will scarce deserve your thought,
Much less your Fear : He all his hopes does place
Upon the Risings of the Populace,
And thinks, his Snow-ball rowling to, and fro,
Though slender yet, to Bulk and Weight may grow :
If this be true, judge how important them
Divided Bodies are of chosen Men,
Who by their several motions may prevent
Risings, and Succours to the Rebels sent.

King. So let it be : I must confess, my Lord,
Your reasons are convincing, as your Sword.
Honour's your Mistress ; and I clearly see,
You mean to rob me of the Victorie,
And make her wholly yours. *L. Stanly.* Sir, I design
The Glory to be yours, the Hazard mine.

King. Hazard, and Glory are so linkt together,
That without both I can pretend to neither.
But how does your indulgent Lady bear
This rash Invasion of her Son ? I fear,
That Treason countenanc'd by Nature may
In a weak Mother's heart too strongly sway.

L. Stanly. The secrets of her Mind she only knows ;
I her, but not her Passions did espouse.

King. I dread her, as a dang'rous Enemy,
Who in the arms of my best Friend does lye.

L. Stanly. Her thoughts are free, but by a trusty Guard
From all disloyal Acts her Person's bar'd :

B

Nature

(6)

Nature her self shall be divorc't from me,
When she rebels against my Loyaltie.

King. My Lord, your great Example may improve
All my best Subjects in their Faith, and Love.
And here you have a Son fit to inherit
All that is yours : So far his early Merit
Into my Favour is advanc'd, that I
Am not at ease without his Company ;
He shall remain, though you are forc't from hence ;
His stay must your departure recompence.

L. Strange. His meaning is, I must his Pris'ner be :

apart. Love is the foulest Mask of Crueltie !

L Stanly. I doubt, your Favour's too much antedate
His Merit. *King.* Fear it not. My Lord, 'tis late :
Whilst you stay here, some of your time I know,
You must on Bus'ness, and your Friends bestow. *Exit.*

Ld. Stanly and Strange.

SCENA III.

King. Unhappy fate of Monarchs ! that we must
Often depend on those, we most distrust.
But of this Loyal Rhet'rick (pray) how much
In your opinions will endure the touch ?

Catesby. Sir, I believe 'tis in his Power to be
Your greatest Friend, or your worst Enemie :
The softness of his words makes but that sound
With which all hollow Bosoms most abound ;
But his late Actions, I confess, have gain'd
My Faith to think his honesty not feign'd :
The rising Borderers by him suppress'd,
That he is sound at heart give ample test.

King. Methinks, his great unwillingness to joya
Forces together argues some design :
And yet I must confess his reasons are
Of weight, and fitted to the Rules of War.

L. Lovell. Sir, my Lord *Strange* will for his Father be
A good collateral securitie ;

He

(7)

He sets such value on his young Son's Head,
That he'll ne're pawn it to be forfeited.

King. I know this bus'ness has a smiling face;
But, *Lovell*, watchful prudence cannot trace
The subtle ways of a dissembling Heart:
I am well read in that mysterious Art,
And can discern where all my danger lyes:
Mines have destroy'd more Towns, than Batteries.

Enter Sir William Stanly.

SCENA IV.

Sir William Stanly. Sir, the rash Foe all your desires fulfills
The Native Fortresses of *Wales*, the Hills,
Which only could his certain Fate prolong,
He madly ha's forsaken; and the Throng
Have crost the *Severn*. *King.* Happy news! at last
Our little *Cæsar Rubicon* ha's past.

Either he acts the part of a mad Lover,
Or hopes, his Rashness may his Weakness cover.

Sir Will. Stanly. Let him come on, he, what he seeks shall have,
Since English ground best likes him for a Grave.

King. *Sir William Stanly* 'tis beneath your Fame
In War to fly at such ignoble Game:

These Vipers want their Teeth. But I must ask
Your powerful aid in a much harder task.

Sir Will. Stanly. Nothing is hard to me, when you command.

King. Confirm me in that hope. I understand,
You o're your Sister have no little power;
She waits upon the Saint whom I adore.
Procure her Mediation for my Love;
If she in the design successful prove,
You shall be less my Subject, then my Friend;
My Gratitude shall all your Hopes transcend.

Sir Will. Stanly. Reward did never yet my duty move;
And I am no good Advocate for Love.
But, Sir, my prompt Obedience shall fulfil
All your Commands, and help my want of skill.

King. That Love, from her which you obtain for me,
With double Int'rest shall rewarded be.

[*Exit King, Lovel, Catesby, Ratcliffe.*

Sir Wil. Stanly When Nature form'd this Monster, she design'd
solus. No less, then the destruction of Mankind.

His Enemies but poorly satisfy
The Hunger of his Rage, which seeks supply
E'en from his nearest Blood, and his own Bed :
His Wife was poyson'd, and his Nephews bled
To feed the Wolf. His Friends are kept alive,
As *Indians* cramm'd for Sacrifice survive.
And now this Monster both in Crimes and Shape,
On fairest Innocence designs a Rape.

*Enter the Princess crossing the Stage from her own lodgings to the
Queen's Apartment: In passing by Sir Will. Stanly speaks to
his Sister waiting upon the Princess.*

Sister, a word. *Mrs. Stanly.* I instantly will come.

*Mrs. Stanly leaves the Princess in the Queen's Apartment, and
returns to her Brother.*

SCENA V.

[*this Room*
Mrs. Stan. Now, Brother, what's your will? *Sir W. Stan.* I hope,
Is private, and secure. *Mrs. Stanly.* You need not fear
An ambush; no close Spies can harbour here.
But whence this Caution? *Sir Will. Stanly.* Wonder not; I bring
A strict Commission for you from the King.
You must his Mistress gain; then happy we!
I shall a Prince, and you a Princess be.

Mrs. Stanly. 'Tis the great Art of Kings for their Intent's
To make right choice of proper Instruments;
But ours ha's grossly fail'd in his own Trade.
Pray, bid him chuse again. *Sir Will. Stanly.* You can perswade
The Princess. *Mrs. Stanly.* No: I love him not so well,
Nor her so little. *Sir Will. Stanly.* But have Gifts no Spell
To charm your Heart, and dazel your young Eyes?

Mrs.

Mrs. Stanly. Him, and his Gifts I equally despise.

Sir Will. Stanly. You serve your Mistress, making her a Queen.

Mrs. Stanly. Brother, you know her not : But, had you been
In presence at her secret Vows to day,
You would not dare to think what now you say.

Her Honour, and Revenge she values so,
That she for them will Crown and Life forgo.

Sir Will. Stanly. You have her favour, and at least may try,
If she will yield a little and comply.

Mrs. Stanly. Such is her Horrour of him, that no Age
Did so much Beauty see with so much Rage.
This undertaking would too dearly cost,
For, next the Tyrant, she would hate me most.

Sir Will. Stanly. Sister, with equal Joy great proofs I find
Both of your faithful, and her generous Mind.
And now suppose, that I a Champion show,
Who will, and can destroy her powerful Foe ;
May this bold undertaker hope to prove,
As in her cause, successful in her Love ?

Mrs. Stanly. In common Justice she can do no less,
Then love the Authour of such happiness.

Sir Will. Stanly. Will she that powerful Passion for him own,
Which mingles Souls, and makes two Lovers one ?
So high a work should be as highly paid ;
Who kills the Dragon must enjoy the Maid.

Mrs. Stanly. Now you come on too fast : For he must wear
Of Royalty the sacred Character,
Who without Sacriledge attempts to be
At such a holy shrine Love's Votarie.

Sir Will. Stanly. Sister, you talk in a Romantick strain ;
Pray, spare your Metaphors, and be more plain.

Mrs. Stanly. Brother, the Queen, and Princess ! [Enter the

Sir Will. Stanly. Let us go, *Queen, and the Princess.*
For I have much to say, and you to do.

Princess. Madam, your pardon and your leave I pray
To speak one word with her. *Queen.* Daughter, you may.

*The Princess talks in private with Mrs. Stanly, and the Queen
advanceth forwards upon the Stage.*

Queen.

Queen. To what extremes am I reduc'd by fate?
 I give to him, whom mortally I hate,
 Her, whom my heart loves most! It must be so:
 To save a child, I must oblige a Foe!
 The unconcern'd may the World's Censure weigh;
 I Nature, and Necessity obey.
 Let Honour's Laws be scan'd by Rules of Art;
 None, but poor Mothers know a Mothers Heart!

The Princess comes forwards to the Queen.

[*Exeunt Sir William Stanly and Mistress Stanly.*]

SCENA VI.

Queen. Well may our Patience, Daughter, be admir'd,
 Which ha's the Tyrant and Heaven's Anger tir'd.
 For in the King you now a Lover meet,
 Who lays himself, and Scepter at your feet.
 My Heart with swelling Joy is larger grown,
 To think my Blood shall repossess the Throne;
 To see our wither'd Hopes spring forth a new,
 Whilst all our Ruines are repair'd in you.

Prin. Madam, your Joy more then my own, I prize,
 When from a lawful cause your Joy does rise:
 But, Madam, yet I cannot find our Fate
 Of the old Rigour does the least abate.
 Till Heaven's slow Justice shall ordain a way
 With his own Blood to make this Tyrant pay
 What he so barb'rously ha's spilt of ours,
 In wonted Sorrows we must spend our Hours:
 Of the least joy should we be guilty found,
 We both our Honour, and our Duty wound.

Queen. Long have we mourn'd the Dead, yet all our grief
 To them, or to our selves brings no Relief:
 To their cold Ashes 'twere a fond respect,
 The safety of the Living to neglect.

Prin. If that safe way to Infamy shall lead,
 I rather chuse the Paths of Death to tread.

Queen. The name of Infamy can it deserve,

To

To follow Nature, and our selves preserve?

Prin. Nature abho'rs, that you should call him Son,
Who ha's your Children rob'd of Life, and Throne.

Queen. Do not those wounds of Fate to mind recall;
Because we much have lost, must we lose all?
If we have suffer'd Ship-wrack, and our best
Vessels are sunk, shall we not save the rest?

Prin. Alas! are the rest sav'd, when you commit
Them to that Tempest, which the others split?

Queen. Repentance turns that Tempest to a Calm.

Prin. That Calm may soon relapse, and grow the same
Tempest again, swelling the Purple Flood
Both with the Brother's, and the Sister's Blood:
A Calm and Tempest mingle in this Wooer,
The Calm betrays, the Tempest does devour.

Queen. Trust to a Mother's Judgment. The sure test
Of Princes meanings is their Interest.

That very Cause, which mov'd his Crueltie
Against my Sons, inclines him now to be
As kind to you: his Passion must be true;
In courting you he courts his Safety too.

Prin. Shall then the Butcher of our Familie
By me, and by my love protected be?
Two Paricides did his foul hands imbrue,
When he his Sovereign in his Nephew slew.
Shall I be Instrumental to make good
His Power cemented by my Brothers Blood?
No Madam; If it be my Fate to prove
The object of his Cruelty, or Love,
It shall not be my choice to have a Room
In his loath'd Bed, but in my Brother's Tomb.

Queen. 'Tis true, a Sister's Love in some degree
May these transports of Passion justifie;
Yet in a Sister's Love you should not smother
The duty, which you owe a tender Mother.
My Sorrows, as my losses, are not less,
Then yours, though I their angry noise suppress;
And though I suffer not with blind Despair.

A Mother's Grief to drown a Mother's care.
Daughter, submit : When I prescribe the way
Of safety, you in Duty must obey.

Prin. The way prescrib'd does not to safety carry ;
This Tyrant's Bed makes a bad Sanctuary.

Queen. Were you a private Person, did you stand
Secure out of the reach of his Command,
I should agree with you ; But 'tis your Fate,
His Love to suffer, or to feel his Hate :
No middle way can these Extreame avoid,
By him you must be marry'd, or destroy'd.

Prin. Joyn'd with my Brothers in their silent Grave,
Losing my Life, I shall my Honour save.

Queen. When you abandon Reason's stiddy ground,
Honour is nothing, but an empty sound,
'Tis a false light, at which fools gazing stand,
Till they themselves on their own shallows strand.

[*Enter a Servant.*

Serv. Madam, the King does in your Lodgings wait.

Queen. Tell him I come. Before it be too late, [*Exit Servant.*
Preterve your self, and me ; live, and obey :
Throw not your Life, Heavens chiefest gift, away.

[*Exit Queen.*

Prin. A Mother, and a Tyrant joyn to force
My plighted heart to an unjust Divorce :
But, *Richmond!* the Temptation of a Crown
Shall not divert me, nor a Tyrant's frown :
I'll follow thee, whom powerful Heaven does lead ;
To save the living, and revenge the Dead.

[*Exit Princess.*

ACT US.

ACTUS II.

SCENA PRIMA.

Enter Sir William Stanly and Mrs. Stanly.

Mrs. Stanly. Run not so fast : you tread on slippery Ice,
And on both sides lyes a vast Precipice.

Sir Will. Stanly. My Stars have led me on to hazard all ;
And rather, then turn back again, I'll fall.

Mrs. Stanly. The Rash will perish, and they fall unmourn'd ;
And losing Life, their memory is scorn'd.
Attempts upon the King must fatal prove ;
Much more your Aims at the great Princess Love.
Against so Potent Foes what can you do,
The King, great *Richmond*, and the Princess too ?

Sir Will. Stanly. Those Rivals shortly may themselves destroy,
And then why may not I the Prize enjoy ?
When on their Ruines I shall raised be,
It will be level ground 'twixt her, and me.

Mrs. Stanly. Do not your thoughts on these Chimeras spend,
Impossible both in their means and End.
Could you as speedily in fact subdue
All those great Powers, as now in thought you do,
Yet you might sooner scale high Heaven, then gain
That Love, which wild ambition would obtain.

Sir Will. Stanly. If to my courage she her lost Crown owe,
I may partake the Gift which I bestow.
Our Souls have equal Fineness : you mistake,
Thinking, our drossie Parts the Difference make.

Mrs. Stanly. Have you the Tyrant's strength ? who are alone
In Passion strong, which we our Weakness owne.
Consult your Reason : 'Tis a dangerous thing,
Poor Subject ! to be Rival to thy King.

Sir Will. Stanly. To Cowards talk of Danger : Love, and Fear
In the same Heart Joint-Tenants never were.

C

Mrs.

Mrs. Stanly. Dear Brother, these sick Fancies, pray, remove :
Know this last secret ; She does *Richmond* love.

Sir Will. Stanly. Too late you tell me this, when in one Flood
The Poyson runs about me with my Blood.

Mrs. Stanly. Love and all madness, Brother, ever raign
Much lesse about the Heart, then in the Brain :
Lovers may blame their Stars, or *Cupid's* Bow ;
Here dwells the Heat, whence their Distempers grow. [*Points to*
Those, who are most posselt with this Disease, *her head.*]
By Sleep, and cooling med'cines found their Ease.

Sir Will. Stanly. This sharpness, Sister, ought to be forborn ;
My Sufferings ask your Pity, not your Scorn.

[*Enter the Princess and Charlot.*

Mrs Stanly. Here comes the Princess. Brother, pray, retire :
I wish, my Tears could quench your Raging Fire.

[*Exit Sir William Stanly.*

SCENA II.

Princess, Mrs. Stanly, Charlot.

Charlot. Madam, yield not to these transports of Grief,
Until the cause proves worthy your Belief :
My Judgment thinks him true. *Princess.* Thou art a Fool,
And of thine own plain Heart dost make a Rule
To measure others by : That sudden Joy,
Spred through the Court, too clearly does destroy
All promis'd Hopes from this perfidious Lord.

Char. My tender years small Judgment can afford :
But grant, this Lord were true, yet he must use
These Arts, and the misjudging world abuse.
His Loyal Purposes would not succeed,
Unlesse in this dark Method he proceed.

Mrs Stanly. The Tyrant to that Height of Power is grown,
That open Force can never pull him down ;
He's to be conquer'd only by Surprise :
Those Arts must work his Fall, which made him rise.
Who this Wild Bore adventures to destroy,

Must

Must Toiles, and Weapons both at once employ.

Prin. With raging Forces to destroy our Friends,
Is a strange method to effect our ends.

Mrs. Stanly. Dark minds we must in Darknes overthrow;
To blind the King, we must be blinded too.

Char. A Publick Errour must our Work secure;
Madam, with Patience then you may endure
Unpromising, and false Appearances,
Which must be bad to gain a good Success.

Prin. Thy pretty Logick ha's a charming sound,
But the foundation wants a steady ground.

Can *Stanly* be for *Richmond*, and invade

The Friendly Succours rising to his aid?

The mystery I dread: This treach'rous Lord
Revolts from Honour, and has broke his Word:

Private Concern within his narrow Soul

Does all the Care of Publick good controul;

And his unworthy Fear for his young Son

(The Court's great Pledge) our bus'ness has undone.

Mrs. Stanly. Ah, Madam, do not make this cruel haste!
With antedated Grief your Heart you waste.

He is my Brother; and my Blood I'm sure,

'Gainst you no Taint of Treason will endure.

Prin. All hopes are past; and we must ruin'd be,
Since the whole World takes part with Tyrannie.

Poor *Richmond* hastens to his Fatal End,

Lost by his Courage, and a Treacherous Friend. [*Enter L^d Stanly.*

Mrs. Stanly. Behold my Brother! It is he, that must
Make your Grief causeless, and your Fears unjust.

SCEN. III.

L. Stanly. Madam, I hope, you'll pardon my delay
In waiting on you this preposterous way;

Paying my first Debt last: which your Concern
Only can justify. *Princess.* By what I learn

From the World's Voice, I rather disallow

Your hasty boldness to approach me now.

L. Stanly. Humble Petitioners without Offence
(Though led by their own Wants) approach their Prince :
I whom your Service brings, may with lesse blame,
And better Title the like Freedom claim.

Prin. Place not on my Account what you have done :
I, and the Tyrant are not yet all one.

L. Stanly. You seem all one (pray, pardon what I say).
When with Reproach my Services you pay.

Prin. If other Payment you expect, pray go
To him, for whom these Services you do.

L. Stanly. I never let to hire my Honesty ;
I neither paid, nor yet reproch't would be.

Prin. Are you so touch't in Honour, my good Lord,
Who so apparently have broke your Word ?

L. Stanly. May I endure yours and your Vassals scorn,
When I infringe that Faith, which I have sworn.

Princess. These purging Imprecations let alone,
You have the Tyrant's thanks for what is done.

L. Stanly. I have deceiv'd the Tyrant and you too ;
And I am thank't by him, reproch't by you :
Yet this deceit of mine may him dethrone,
And, Madam, render you your Fathers Crown.
Thus blind all Censures are, until we know
Those hidden Roots, whence outward Actions grow.

Princess. Pray, end these Mysteries : Who did oppose
Those Loyal Borderers, that lately rose
Against the King ? all Aids you did prevent
By that unseas'nable discouragement.

L. Stanly. I did suppress them, Madam ; But 'twas I,
That rais'd them too. *Princess.* I cannot yet descry
At what you aim. *L. Stanly.* Pray know, that by my own
Confed'rates all that rising was begun ;
Which I contriv'd only to be suppress't :
This Art I us'd, that in the Jealous breast
Of our suspicious Tyrant I might gain
Such Trust, as will our purposes obtain.

And, that you may reserve no Jealous thought,
Here my Credential Letters I have brought,

He delivers a Letter to the Princess, who reads it out.

(Ma-

Madam; The time draws neer, in which I shall either restore you to the Inheritance of your Fathers Crown, or dye a Martyr in your cause. My Devotion to your Person, and the Justice of your Claim, raise my hopes into an Assurance of Success. In the mean time by the hands of my Lord Stanly, your conceal'd and faithful Servant, be pleas'd to accept this earnest of his Constancy, who is Madam, Your most devoted Servant.

Richmond.

Princess. My Lord, I know the hand; and what to you. I did impute, that Blame becomes my due. Errours of Passion, not of Will, may find: An easie Pardon in a generous Mind.

L. Stanly. Madam your goodness now confounds me more. Then your unkind reproaches did before; But your concernments now require my haste, And make the price of Time too great to waste. Yet, ere I part, I must with Joy relate Of our improving Cause the prosp'rous state; For your great Chief advances with a Power Resolv'd and Numerous, growing every hour; Which still receives by a supply'd access Of the Heroick *Welch* a fair encrease. And, Madam, from this Camp you soon will see His Flying Colours brave the Enemy.

Princess. His hasty Succours may advance too late.

L. Stan. Too late? how can that be? *Prin.* The Tyrant's hate By a most Fatal Metamorphosis Does in Love's Image his ill shape disguise; Of which I dread the dismal consequence.

L. Stanly. The thoughts of his own Danger, and Defence Will soon allay the crafty Lover's Heats.

Princess. Whilst I am in his Power, no Fatal threats, That aim at him, can make my safety better; For, when his danger's great, mine must be greater. His bloody Temper urg'd by Jealousie Will all his former cruelties outvie.

L. Stanly. Madam, can Heaven for such a Tyrant's sake Pervert their Justice, and you Guilty make? But is it true, that now the Queen does prove.

A Mediatour for the Tyrant's Love?

Princess. It is too true : A Mothers tender heart
Does for my safety take the Tyrant's part.

L. Stanly. Ha's she forgot, what Guardian he has been
To her two Sons? Ha's she not lately seen
What Husband to his Wife he prov'd? and can
A Mother give a Daughter to this man?

Princess. My Lord, she is my Mother; pray, forbear.

L. Stanly. I must not speak what you are loth to hear.

Princess. I fear, my Lord, that our great bus'ness may
Suffer some damage by your longer stay;
And yet one minute more you must attend,
Whilst I an answer to this Letter send.

L. Stanly. Your fight with no mean Joy my heart does bless.

Mrs. Stanly. Brother, your kindness makes my happiness.

Exeunt Princess and Mrs. Stanly.

SCEN. IV.

Lord Stanly, Charlot.

L. Stanly. Sir, by the noble *Richmond's* strict commands
I am to leave this Letter in your hands.
You are intirely happy in his grace;
I find you there possess an envyed place.

Charlot. I may presume, that for so poor a thing,
As *Charlot*, Envy cannot find a sting.

L. Stanly. Your Person I confess, should alwaies prove
The subject not of envy, but of love:
Nature does court you; and her Favourite
Is for a Prince his kindness ever fit.

Charlot. My Lord, you quite mistake me; I was worse,
Then nothing, till my Essence from that Source
Of goodness was deriv'd: From him I own
Being, and Happiness. So the kind Sun
Smiles on a Clod of Earth after a showre,
And then prefers that Dirt into a Flower.

L. Stanly. Your Person, and your Gratitude both shew

Your

Your Patron just, when he is kind to you :
 I find, the Royal Princess too does seem
 To give you the same place in her esteem.

Charlot. She does her gracious countenance afford
 To a slight Toy sent to her from my Lord.

L. Stanly. But in this jealous Court what Industry
 Has thus preserv'd you from each watchful spy ?

Charlot. Their bus'ness is above, I keep below :
 Besides French Pages are the Fashion now.
 But pray, my noble Lord, what numbers join
 Of French Nobles to favour our Design ?

L. Stanly. I durst not publick in their Camp appear,
 But of a Breton Lord much Fame I hear ; [Charlot
 He's *Chandew* call'd. What's this? something I find *starts.*]
 By your chang'd face, has discompos'd your mind.

Charlot. My Lord, I hope you will not think it strange,
 That in my troubled breast you see this change :
 Impressions, such as these, are often wrought,
 When absent Friends and Country fill our thought.
 Such fits will quickly vanish. But I fear,
 That our attendance we too long forbear.

L. Stanly. *Charlot*, 'tis well advis'd ; Pray, shew the way.

Exeunt *L. Stanly* and *Charlot*.

Enter again Charlot reading the Letter.

*My Charlot, I beg the continuance of thy kindness, in being the
 faithful Interpreter and Promoter of my Passion to our adored Prin-
 cesses.*——— *Charlot shuts the Letter suddenly.*

Charlot. Dear Paper ! I to thee this Homage pay, [kisses the
 Though I in thy contents already find Letter]
 A Warrant for my execution sign'd ;
 Which I must serve upon my self, and be
 The instrument of my own Destinie.
 Though I am thus condemn'd, yet I not grudge
 To kiss the Sentence, and adore the Judge.
 I only pray, my Punishment may be
 Kept secret, and exempt from infamie :
 Alas ! my hopes are vain ; for how can I

Conceal

(20)

Conceal a Daughter from a Fathers eye ?
My Fault's too great for Pardon, I allow ;
Yet I as great a Penance undergo :
Since I assist my Rival to possess
That, which posselt, destroys my Happiness.
Grant, Heaven ! at least, that I may part from hence
As clear in Honour, as in Innocence. [Exit Charlot.

SCEN. V.

Enter King, Queen, L^d Strange, and Attendants.

King. Well, Madam ; will she yield ? *Queen.* I did not spare
My labour to reduce her, nor my care.
Patience must this to happy issue bring.

King. Patience is not the Virtue of a King.
It will concern you, and your Daughter too,
Not to become too tedious. *Queen.* Sir, you woo
In a strange Language. *King.* I must change my course.

Queen. Nothing does less consist with Love, then Force.

King. Call *Stanly*, and his Sister. The Idle may
In lingring Courtship trifle out the Day :
Slow Treaties will to stormings him oblige,
Who leisure wants to take the Fort by Siege.

Princess. In exigents of State, or Rage of War
Sudden dispatch, and Force conducing are ;
But Sir, in love-concernments they destroy
The chiefest Blessing, that you would enjoy.

King. Madam, these tedious forms destructive grow ;
The safety of my Crown they overthrow.
Like a bold Suitour *Richmond* marches on,
And by pretending Love to Strength is grown :
When Kingdoms such Convulsion-fits endure,
We must not complement about the Cure. [Enter Sir Will. Stanly
Stanly, have you perform'd, what I enjoyn'd ?

Sir W. Stan. I have obey'd you, Sir. *King.* But do you find
Good Symptoms of Success ? *Mrs. Stanly.* What shall I say ? [apart.

Sir W. Stan. Sir I have done my part. *King.* Then I must lay,
Madam,

Madam, the blame on you, if my design [To Mrs. Stanly.]
 Miscarry. *Mrs. Stanly.* Sir, unless the Fault be mine,
 Your Justice will not punish me with blame.

King. I do not like this Prologue. Does my Flame
 Yet warm her Breast? *Mrs. Stanly.* Sir, she condemns your haste :
 And says, her time of mourning is not past
 For her two Brothers ; and she thinks, that you
 (Your Queen scarce cold) should be a mourner too :
 Then she concludes it would great Scandal move,
 If two so deep in Sorrow should make Love.

King. She thinks, it is too soon for me to woo ;
 But does she think it so for *Richmond* too ?
 Madam, you know her Bosom ; pray, be free :
 Is she not warm to him, and cold to me ?

Mrs. Stanly. Sir, you mistake the Temper of her Heart ;
 Where grief holds all, Love can pretend no part.

King. If she be free from Love, her Duty may
 With less reluctancy her King obey.

I wish, I had more cause to thank your care
 In my concerns. Madam, your Brothers are
 My greatest Friends : methinks, you should inherit
 With their high Blood some of their loyal merit :
 Madam, be kind ; and let me not despair,
 That Heaven ha's made you good as well as fair.

Madam, I will attend your Daughter strait, [To the Queen.]
 To learn of her mine, and the Kingdoms Fate. [Exit King.]

L. Strange. Uncle farewell : would I might stay with you.

Sir W. Stan. You must obey your King and Father too. [Exit
Strange.]

SCENA VI.

Queen, Sir Will. Stanly, Mrs. Stanly.

Queen. Did you not mark, how his contracted brow
 Did curl like Waves, which to a Tempest grow ?

Sir W. Stan. Madam, this gath'ring Storm (if not withstood)
 Will end in a Prodigious Rain of Blood.

Queen. Too well I know the Ills, these Signs presage ;

D

This

This Storm on me, and mine will shortly rage.
 How often, cruel man ! must I be slain
 In every Child, and yet not end my Pain ?
 Ere thou didst tear away each tender shoot,
 Would thou hadst laid thy Hatchet to the Root !

Sir Will. Stanly. Madam, he wants the Bowels of a Man,
 Who sees your Grief, and does not all he can,
 In your Redress : When you my Sword command,
 'Twixt him, and yours I will a Bulwark stand.

Queen. Sir, were your offer more, then complement,
 I should such kindness to its worth resent :
 But by his favours you are prepossess'd,
 And wear the Tyrant's Chains, though not oppress'd.

Sir Will. Stan. Those seeming favours, which he does impart,
 Are no true marks of kindness, but of Art :
 When he propitious to my Vows appears,
 He does but sacrifice to his own Fears.

Queen. Alas ! I am not worth a new design
 Of farther ruine : You need not combine
 By subtle ways to draw me to my woe ;
 I am past falling now, I lye so low.

Sir Will. Stanly. Let all in Heaven and Earth, who sacred be,
 The great, and good, be Witnesses for me,
 That I to you, and yours will loyal prove.

Queen. Such ardent Zeal, and such a sudden Love
 From him, who seem'd a Foe, must well be scan'd,
 Ere they by Force of Words my Faith command.

Mrs. Stanly. I know my brother's Int'rest, and his Heart :
 His Passion wears no false disguise of Art.

Queen. If his deep Vows, and those confirm'd by you,
 Should move my willing heart to think them true ;
 What means has he from threatening Storms to free
 The small remainder of my Familie ?

Sir William Stanly. None can be sav'd unless they first believe :
 Madam the great deceiver I'll deceive.
 You cannot see the depths of my design,
 But you shall hear it when I spring the Mine.

Queen. These mighty Promises advanc'd by you.

Ask

Ask time for thanks, and for acceptance too.

[Exit Queen.]

SCENA VII.

Sir William Stanly, Mrs. Stanly.

Mrs. Stanly. Brother, what's your Design? I fear, you move
In these Attempts provok't by your rash Love.

Sir Will. Stan. Though Love be the great Cause, yet I should do
The same by Honour mov'd and Justice too.

Mrs. Stanly. To save true Princes from a Tyrant's doom
Is that, which may a *Stanly* well become :

But with unlawful Passion to invade
What mutual Vows and Heaven have sacred made,
Will all the Glory of your Life deface,
And tarnish all the Lustre of our Race.

Do you not see the great Design of Fate,
That peacefully would quench the fierce Debate,
In which this harra's'd Land too long ha's bled,
By planting these two Roses in one Bed?

Sir Will. Stanly. The truth of what you say I know too well;
But Love against my Reason does rebel.
The Enterprize less difficult will prove
To vanquish *Richard*, then to conquer Love.

Mrs. Stanly. Such hopeless Love no longer entertain;
The Saint, whom you adore, you but prophane :
It will both mortal, and unglorious be,
To touch the Fruit of this Forbidden Tree.

Sir Will. Stanly. Though between me, and my Pretensions lyes
A Chaos void of Possibilities,
Yet I must on : Those things, I mean to do,
Shall make you say, I did not rashly wooe.
If Love's Religion Merit will allow,
He may find Grace, who ha's perform'd his Vow.

[Exeunt.]

ACTUS TERTIUS.

SCEN. I.

Enter King, Princess, L^d Strange, Guards, and Attendants.

L^d Strange The Tyrant now will our poor Princess bait
apart.] With Kindness far more Cruel, then his Hate.

King. Madam, be pleas'd to let your Guards withdraw.

Prin. My Guards? And must their Pris'ner give them Law?

King. Madam, you are their Queen. Both these and I,
 And with us all the Nation prostrate lye,
 Begging the Honour of your Government.

Prin. What you in pleasant Rallery present,
 Your serious Conscience knows, is all my Due;
 This with the rest I must endure from you:
 And to the will of Heaven I can resign
 What you have ravish'd both from me, and mine:
 But though you tye my Person, as your Slave,
 Yet let my Thoughts the common Freedom have;
 The Thoughts of Pris'ners cannot be confin'd:
 No fetter'd Slave can love against his mind.

King. Though I confess, that for the Publick Good
 And safety of the Realm I have drawn blood
 (Heaven knows!) against my will, yet, Madam, you
 Are grown the greater Tyrant of us two.
 The Realm's inflam'd, and wounded; you may quench
 This Inflammation, and the Bleeding stench.
 Though I am much unworthy of your Love,
 Yet *England's* Safety should your Pity move.
 Madam, your love vouchsaf'd to me ha's Charms,
 Which can dissolve all Enmities, and Arms:
 All our Divisions close; the War is done,
 When Right, and Power consent to joyn in one.

Prin. Sir, could your cruel Rhet'rick rudely chuse

No

No Subject, but Compassion to abuse?
 Is Pity that, which you pretend to teach?
 O Sir! that you had practis'd what you preach!
 Then had you not the Royal Plants cut down,
 To clear your Passage to the sacred Crown.
 The Blood you spilt, provokes Heaven's striking Flame,
 Whose long Forbearance takes but surer aim.

King. Madam, I need not fear a Punishment
 Out of the Clouds: Heaven spares the Innocent:
 The Thunder, which I dread, does only lye
 In your contracted Brow, or angry Eye.
 Repeal that Censure, which misjudging Grief
 Lays on the Guiltless, and gives small Relief
 To your great Losses, making those my Crimes,
 Which were effects of the distracted times.

I mourn'd as much, as you, the hasty Fate
 Of that lamented Pair, whose lives short Date
 I rather would have lengthen'd with my own,
 To be their Subject, then to wear their Crown.

Prin. You robb'd me of my Blood, and Regal Due;
 Would you deprive me of my Senses too?
 My Reason is revert! with me, alas!

Richard the third for a mild Prince must passe!

King. Did you believe me Cruel at that rate,
 Which you pretend, you would not tempt your Fate
 By Provocations able to engage
 Patience it self into a bloody Rage.

But, Madam, you are safe; I shall endure
 All your Distempers, and attend their Cure:
 Your Int'rest must at last your Passion sway.

Prin. My Int'rest shall my Honour still obey;
 Which abhors him, who does usurp my Crown

King. Madam, by Title justly 'tis your own:
 Take it, and wear it. When I put it on,
 I sav'd the Crown for you, you for the Crown.

Prin. I fear, your words contain lesse Truth, then Art;
 For seldom ha's your Tongue exprest your Heart.

King. My Tongue speaks truth: I only beg the grace

To be your Subject in the foremost place;
That is, your Husband. *Princess.* I expected this,
In these fair Flowers to hear the Serpent hiss.

King. When common Persons marry, Passion may
Direct their Choice, whilst Fancy bears the sway;
But with great Princes the wise Rules of State
Must be as binding, as the Laws of Fate:
Their Inclinations by those Rules must move;
The Publick Good's the center of their Love.

Prin. For Publick Good, what you usurp, resign:
Make me not yours by Force, but give me Mine.

King. You say too much: I see, you'll rather prove
The Subject of my Justice, then my Love.
Th' Invader *Richmond* is your lov'd Gallant,
Whose Treason does not your allowance want.
Prepare for marriage, or a Funeral;
To be my Wife, or not to be at all.
Madam, you shall be crown'd; Chuse and be wise;
Either for Empire, or for Sacrifice.

Prin. Spoke like your self: I knew, the mask of Lover
Would soon drop off, which did the Tyrant cover. [Exit Prin.]

King. Through Rocks of Opposition this alone. [Pointing to
Ha's hew'd my Passage to the craggy Throne. his sword]
These hands (the sharpest scythe of time) mow'd down
All, that grew up between me, and the Crown.

I did my Greatness to a Height advance
Above the Stormy Region of wild Chance:
And shall frail Woman, Nature's slightest thing,
Out-brave the Power of Death, and such a King?
I am but able to destroy, and kill;
She can do more, for she enjoys her Will.

Contempt of Life does all Power overthrow;
'Tis Fear, makes Gods above, and Kings below. [Enter the Queen.]

SCENA II.

Queen. Can it be true, Sir, that your Fatal breath
Has cruelly pronounc'd my Daughters Death?

Can

Can you so suddenly degenerate
From Love's soft Passion to a mortal Hate?

King. Madam, more, then my Life, I still love Her;
But I the Kingdom's weal to both prefer.
Complain not of the Hardship you endure,
Since your own hands contain a present Cure.

Queen. When Love his message to a Virgin brings,
Slow Patience lends him Feet, and clips his Wings.

King. With Patience, like Love's Martyr, I have born
Not only her Denials, but her Scorn:
It is not Modesty, which makes her Cold;
Her Heart instead of Love does malice hold:
A guilty Passion she does clearly show
To him, who is her King's, and Country's Foe.

Queen. If she stood so inclin'd, how can you doubt,
But that a Mother's Eye would find it out?

King. Whether that ignorance, which now you show,
Be Real, or Affected, you best know:
To me her words, and Actions both declare
Which way her Inclinations byass'd are.
The Traytour *Richmond* holds so large a Part
Within her Bosom, as excludes my Heart:
But in few hours I will Possession get,
And drive him thence, or else destroy the Seat.

Queen. O Sir! pass not a Judgment so severe,
Till the suggested Crime does more appear.
If she refuse the Courtship of a Crown,
She cannot stoop a meaner Flame to owne;
And quit the Glory of a Queen, to live
The obscure Wife of a poor Fugitive.

King. But this starv'd Snake warm'd by her special Grace
Invades the Land, and rises in my Face.
Madam, your Daughter's Choice will quickly show,
Whether his Crimes belong to her, and you.
To morrow's Sun shall light her to my Throne,
Or on her Treason see due Justice done.

Queen. Be not so hasty to pronounce her Fate;
Can her not loving be a Crime of State?

King.

King. Madam, we lose but time, whilst you apply
To the improper place your Remedy :
For the malignant part of this Disease
Lyes only in your Daughter's Stubborness :
Cure that, and she no longer will be seen
Her King's just Pris'ner, but the Nation's Queen. [Exit King.]

Queen. Which shall I call the Cruel, or the Mild,
This bloody Tyrant, or my Stubborn Child ?
Both are alike resolv'd, and act their Part
To break, and tear a tender Mothers Heart.
She no Concern for Life does seem to owne,
But Death accepts more gladly, then the Crown.
I find the Charm, which does this Spirit raise ;
Richmond, as Sovereign in her Bosom sways.

[Enter Sir Will. Stanly.]

SCEN. III.

Queen, Sir William Stanly.

Sir W. Stanly. Madam, I come my Destiny to learn,
Which wholly now depends on your Concern.
The Danger of the Princess draws too near ;
The Tyrant does all marks of Fury wear.
Will you accept my Service ? *Queen.* Sir, I must
Confess, your faithful zeal deserves my Trust.
Now I believe, you are ordain'd to be
The great Preserver of my Familie.

Sir W. Stanly. Madam, your fair Esteem I will make good,
And seal my Promise with my dearest Blood.
But now that we may take a speedy Course
By secret Practice, or by open Force
To disappoint the Tyrant, and pursue
The Bus'ness of your Safety, I must sue
For my Admission to the Princess Ear :
Some needful Orders I must have from her,
Of high Importance to our work in hand.

Queen. Your Merit, and our Danger, Sir, command

Your

(29)

Your speedy satisfaction : But the King
Must beat farther Distance, e're I bring
You two together. His great Jealousie
With highest Caution must attended be.
Let us retire, and study, how we may
Make perfect your Design the safest Way.

Sir *W. Stanly*. Madam, you walk apace from your Distress:
Designs well modell'd seldom want success.
The Foolish Crowd, who outides only view,
Give that to Fortune, which is Wisdom's Due.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENA IV.

Enter Mrs. Stanly, and Charlot.

Char. He robs her both of Crown, and Libertie!
Can he the Gaoler of his Mistris be?
To promise Love, and thus to break his Vow,
Is all the Treason, that a King can do.

Mrs. Stanly. He, like the worst of Thieves, means farther ill ;
For Tyrants after robbing always kill.
The Sacrilegious Monster will devour
The Saint, whom he so lately did adore.

Char. Avert it powerful Heaven ! such Cruelty
Must not live long, nor so much Vertue dye.
Her glorious Champion now draws neer, and he
Killing the Gaoler will the Pris'ner free.
And, Madam, to divert the painful thought
Of her Restraint, I have some musick brought :
Musick I know, will not ungrateful be
To her, whose Soul is perfect Harmony.

Mrs. Stanly. In this you will our Princess highly please ;
And at this distance she can hear with Ease.

E

SONG.

(30)

SONG.

I.

Tyrant thou seek'st in vain
With her pure Blood thy guilty Sword to stain :
Heaven does that Sacred Blood design
To be the Source of an Immortal Line.
Death will not dare to touch that Heart,
Which Love ha's chosen for his Dart.

Chorus. Fair Innocence, and Beauty are
Of watchful Heaven the chiefest care :
But the devouring Monster shall
A Sacrifice to Justice fall.

II.

Richmond does flye to your Redress ;
(Love's Messengers can do no less.)
His Sword shall with one Blow
Cut off your Fetters, and the Tyrant too.
All Resistance vain will prove
When Valour is inspir'd by Love.

Chorus. Tyrants by Heaven and Earth are curst ;
They swell with Blood, until they burst :
But Lovers are wise Nature's care ;
What Tyrants ruine, they repair.

Charlot. This will the trouble of her thoughts allay :
'Tis time to give attendance ; let's away.

Exeunt.

SCEN.

SCEN. V.

[*The Scene changeth to the Earl of Richmond's Quarters.*]

*Enter Earlof Richmond, Earlof Oxford,
Lord Chandew, and Officers, &c.*

Richmond. My Lords, the World must now be taught by you
What a good Cause, and a good Sword can do.
When Valour leagu'd with Justice goes to fight,
Both Heaven, and Earth their Forces then unite :
Such Union can no more resisted be,
Then Men can save themselves from Destinie.
The odds of number on the Tyrant's side
Are but the Signs, which shew his Fear, and Pride.
They are the fairer Mark : Usurpers must
In multitude of Guards repose their trust.
But, whilst with numbers they their Camp o'recharge,
They but our Fame, and Booty more enlarge.

Oxford. When we engage with such a guilty Foe,
Heaven's Justice adds more weight to every blow.
We only to their swift Destruction move,
Who are condemn'd already from above.

Chandew. The Plains of *Redmore* seem to be the place,
Where our Just Valour must the Guilty face.
Where Conquest will a noble Harvest yield,
And turn to Groves of Laurel *Bosworth* Field.

Oxford. 'Tis true we deal with a destructive Foe,
(The neereft of his Blood have found him so)
But his pernicious Hands more practis'd are
In private Murther, then in open War.

Chandew. Each common Souldier makes the cause his own,
As if none were concern'd but he alone.
But 'tis not strange to see the Souldier fir'd
To such a Height, when by your Flame inspir'd.

Richmond. My Lords, I to your courteous praise agree ;
They may be high, because you heighten'd me.

The Priour of *Litchfield*, Sir, is lighted here, *Enter Souldier.*
And humbly craves the favour of your Ear.

Oxford. 'Tis he you sent for, Sir; whose Name is high
For Learning, Pious Life, and Prophecy.

Richmond. Those Leaders most shall prosper, who advise
With Heaven ere they begin their Enterprize. [*Exeunt Oxford,*
and Chandew.]

SCEN. VI.

Earl of Richmond, Priour of Litchfield.

Richmond. Excuse me, Father; for I think it rude
To call you to a Camp from Solitude.

I am inform'd, that you to private ears
Foretold Events, which cur'd my Partie's fears.
Your Power with Heaven is such, as may obtain,
What otherwise I should despair to gain.

This, Father, is the cause of my address:

Priour. Then, Sir, thank Heaven; for you shall have success.

Richmond. Now I believe, the publick Voice is true,
Which does ascribe Prophetick Force to you.

Priour. That Light dwells not in Sinners: I should be
Charg'd with the worst of Crimes, Hypocrisie,
If I pretended to that holy Fire,

Which does the cleaner Hearts of Saints inspire.

But 'mongst the Records of our Priory

Th' Authentick works of the wise *Gildas* lye;

Whose holy Life, and whose Prophetick Fire

The Ages past with reverence did admire.

In his large Volume I shall only trace

What does concern your Person, and your Race.

Richmond. The Authours Value heighten'd by your Praise
Does expectation to assurance raise.

Priour. First he runs o're the Conquests of this Land

By Saxons, Danes, and by a Norman hand:

Then mentions the two Roses; and in brief

Foretels th'Event of that Intestine Strife,

Which has the noblest Blood of England cost;

And

And the best Provinces of *France* has lost.
 Our Authour next, upon the present state
 Of our own times more largely does dilate :
 And says the fury of a Savage Boar
 Shall his own Blood, and then this Land devour.
 Then he describes the Man (and you are he)
 Who must redeem this Realm from Tyrannie ;
 Who after Conquest shall by force of Love
 More then by War, our happiness improve.
 For peaceful *England* shall the Roses find
 No more in battel, but in marriage joyn'd.

Richmond. What can be more ? shall I successful prove
 In all my hopes of Empire, and of Love ?

Priour. Sir, much remains behind ; your Race shall do
 Things yet more worthy of themselves and you ;
 They shall an Union make of louder Fame,
 And of two Kingdoms one great Empire frame.
 But after this a Tempest does succeed,
 Which Hell shall with contagious Vapours feed ;
 This Tempest will produce a deed so black,
 That Murther then shall an example lack.
 But from this dark Eclipse a Prince will rise,
 Who shall all Vertues of your Race comprise.
 Forreign, and Native Foes he shall o'ecome,
 With force abroad, with lenity at home.
 Though in our sep'rate World, this happy Land
 The center of his Power will fixed stand,
 Yet here the wide Circumference must not end,
 But with the Ocean joyntly shall extend.
 Let Envious, and ungrateful Nations joyn
 His Birth-right to usurp, or to confine ;
 When they invade his Empire on the Main,
 They will but act the Gyants War again :
 And when his Sea-Dominion they dispute,
 His Thunder shall those Sons of Earth confute.

Richmond. These great and glorious things whilst you recite,
 You fill my Soul with Wonder, and Delight.
 Your Scouts, Sir, are return'd, and bring you word, [*Enter Soldier.*
 That

(34)

That the Ufurper's men have past the Ford.

Richmond. There's for thy News: I wish th' Allarum true.

Father, we now must part; yet we'll pursue

The same great End, though in a different way;

For I must go to fight, and you to pray.

[Exit Priour.

[Enter Oxford and Chandew.

SCEN. VII.

Richmond, Oxford, Chandew.

Oxford. We both have view'd the Foe within our ken;

And we are certain, they are *Stanly's* men.

Their Number's not five thousand; And their Post

Is not so fixt, but that it may be lost.

Sir, we may force their Quarters; And on these

Begin the Number of your Victories.

Richmond. No, my dear *Oxford*; Those, whom now you see,

Must be unseen, and need not conquer'd be,

For they are ours already. But this must

A Secret be for yours, and *Chandew's* Trust.

From their so neer advancing you may learn,

That the next Sun will end our great Concern.

My Lords, we have but little time to spare;

Our Arms, and men we must with speed prepare.

Oxford. With Joy your Orders we shall all obey;

Our zeal to serve you suffers by Delay.

[Exeunt.

[The Scene is Changed to the Princess Lodging.]

ACTUS QUARTUS.

SCEN. PRIMA.

Enter Sir Will. Stanly, Mrs. Stanly, L^d Strange.

Sir W. Stanly. Nephew, pray leave us: If the Guards should see
Our close Converse, we should suspected be.

L^d

Ld Strange. I am the Witty Tyrant's Cruel sport,
Fetter'd in Silk, condemn'd to be at Court. [*Exit Strange.*]

Sir W. Stanly. Sister, pray tell the Queen, by her Command
That I wait here to kiss the Princess hand.

Mrs. Stanly. If you reveal your madness, you will lose
The Glory of that Rescue, you propose ;
For such a daring Lover she'll despise
More, then she hates her rudest Enemies.

Sir W. Stanly. So far my sense with your advice accords,
That I'll shew Deeds more daring, then my Words.
Pray, go. O Coward Heart ! shall sudden fear [*Exit Mrs. Stanly.*]
Possess my Breast, that was a Stranger there ?
Must I now tremble at a Woman's sight,
Who was not born for Terror, but Delight ?
Thus Nature's Law is by Love's Power controll'd,
Which men disheartens, and makes Women Bold.

[*Enter Princess.*]

SCEN. II.

Princess, Sir William Stanly.

Mrs. Stanly. Madam I humbly beg, that I may have
Leave to expose my Life, your Life to save.
My Zeal has long lain speechless, though not weak ;
And 'tis your Danger now, that makes it speak.

Prin. Sir by the Queen's Advertisement I learn,
How great a sense you have in my Concern.
You have a Brother too, whose Constant Love
By many secret Tryals I approve :
And, though Court-Favours on his Person shine,
His Outside is the King's, his Inside mine.

Sir W. Stanly. 'Tis my Misfortune, Madam, that I must
More, then my own, to others Merit trust :
And yet ere long I may deserve your Ear
Without the help of an Interpreter :
I in your Favour should to none submit,
If more, then all the World, I merit it.

I hope, if I relieve your present State,
You will my Love by my Performance rate.

Prin. Your Language too mysterious is; more plain
Expressions sooner will my Credit gain.
In your pretended Love you must not vye
With those, who wish me well by Natures tye.

Sir W. Stanly. Madam, There is a Love which does outgo
All that of Sisters, and of Mothers too.

Prin. Hold Sir; These airy Notions pray forbear:
For I am deaf to what I should not hear.
Give me no Cause to make a Foe of him,
Whose Friendship to my House I would esteem:
For I the Tyrant's Rage shall more approve,
Then the rude Boldness of a Subject's Love.

Sir W. Stanly. So far from us below you are remov'd,
As makes you fit to be ador'd, not lov'd;
Yet from such Love, as does Heaven's Favour gain,
I need not, Madam, as from Sin, abstain:
If Heavenly objects you resemble most,
Can Heaven be gain'd, and you the same way lost?

Prin. Hold Sir; This vain Discourse does ill become
Her, who is newly summon'd to her Tomb.

Sir W. Stanly. Madam, those Summons you shall ne're obey;
I, or the Tyrant first shall lead the Way:
Your Death design'd shall forfeit him his Crown;
The Grave, he digs for you, shall be his own.

Prin. What sure Foundation, Sir, can I descry
Of this bold Promise, which you raise so high?

Sir W. Stanly. Foundations, Madam, are laid under Ground;
And mine, though not expos'd to View, are found.
By painful Flattery, and by long Address
I to the Tyrant's Bosom have Access:
And Death by Steel or Poyson is his Due,
Who forms a black Design to murder you.

Prin. Those Southern Arts to stab, or poyson Foes,
Become the Climates, where such Poyson grows:
He, that is born of a true English Race,
Never destroys a Foe, but to his Face.

Sir W. Stanly. But, Madam, can you give your Life away,
And to the Tyrant be a willing Prey?

Prin. To see him fairly kill'd, I would resign
All Right to what he holds, and should be mine.

Sir W. Stanly. Verst in the World, but yet not knowing you,
Madam, I ne're till now, true Honour knew:

I am your Convert; and so taught, I may
Ere long to perfect Glory find the way.

And, Madam, for a Tryal, I this Vow
Here solemnly declare to Heaven, and you;
The Tyrant shall be slain, and you releas'd
Nobly by him, whom, Madam, you love best.

In the Suns Eye, and in the open Field
Fierce *Richard* shall by *Richmond's* Sword be kill'd.

You, Honour's Mistris, when this Work is done,
Without Reproach your Profelite may owne.

Prin. I fear, you take great pleasure to surprise
My thoughts with Riddles, and dark Prophecies:
I shall refer my Faith to their Event;

Now my last hours must otherwise be spent. [Exit Princess.

Sir W. Stanly. As Chymists vex themselves, and Nature too,
When her Elixir they in vain pursue;

And yet their toyl does other Secrets find,
Which improve Art, and benefit Mankind;

So, though a hidden Love I seek in vain,
Yet in the Pursuit I shall Glory gain.

[Exit.

The Scene is changed to a Field adjoyning to Richmond's Quarters.

SCEN. III.

Enter Earl of Richmond, Lord Stanly.

Richmond. Talk not of Victory; Heaven can confer
No Blessing on that Man, who loseth Her.

L. Stanly. I know, the Tyrant, when all hopes are past,
Reserves that bloody Stroke for the last Cast:
Surprise him with a Charge; that may prevent

F

The

The Execution of his dire Intent.

Richmond. Could I destroy with the same ease and speed,
Him, and his Camp, as he can make her bleed,
Your Counsel then were good ; But else her Fate
By my Attache I should accelerate :
The bloody Tyrant, stung with Jealousie,
Will, prest by Danger, twice revenged be,
Including me in Her : He cannot chuse,
But hastily destroy what he must lose.

L^d Stanly. It still has been the Care of Providence
From sudden strokes to shelter Innocence.

Richmond. I Providence adore ; But to expect
A Miracle, and so the means neglect,
When now the Danger of her Life is near,
Were to deserve the mischief, which we fear.

L^d Stanly. No way, but Conquest, can prevent her Doom.

Richmond. I'll yield my self a Pris'ner in her Room.

L^d Stanly. Can the Restraint of her Preserver be
The safest way to set the Pris'ner free ?

Richmond. 'Tis all the way ; because the Tyrant's Fear
Of *Richmond* makes his Cruelty to Her :
When I am in his gripe, his Appetite
Will in my Blood, more, then in hers, delight.

L^d Stanly. Sir you mistake him ; both will please him best :
By drinking Blood the Thirst is still encreast.
Sir, your important Life you freely may
Lay out for her ; But throw it not away.

Richmond. I am resolv'd, that secretly to night
You shall convey me to the Princess fight.

Stanly. Shall I conduct you, where you Death must meet ?
Here let me rather perish at your Feet !

Richmond. O friend ! my Love in this great Exigent
Must Dangers seek, which yours would fain prevent :
Nor can those Dangers be avoided here ;
My Life, and Safety are confin'd in Her ;
Come, guide me to the Princess that I may,
If not secure her Life, her Death delay :
And be assur'd, my Lord, that her Commands

With

(39)

With your Advice shall wholly guide my hands.

L^d Stanly. Sir I both yours, and her Discretion know ;
And on your Terms propos'd I yield to go :
But this great Enterprize you must disguise
As well to your best Friends, as Enemies ;
For, should it be divulg'd, your Absence here
May prove as fatal, as your Presence there.

Richmond. Take me, my Lord, and rule me, as you please.
You (unsuspected yet) may gain with ease
Admission to the Tyrant's Court ; and I
May pass, helpt by the Night's Obscurity,
And a long Absence, for your Officer.
Besides, my Lord, our Camps now joyn so neer,
That our Return may both prevent the Day,
And all Reports of being gone away.

L^d Stanly. Reason and Love, when Danger they descry,
Did never yet make use of the same Eye :
For now this Hazard, which your soaring Love
Lessens to Nothing, does my Horrour move.
But, since it is my Duty to obey,
Let's not encrease your Danger by Delay.

Richmond. On you my Hopes, and Happiness relye ;
You are the Ruler of my Destiny.

The Scene is changed to Richmond's Quarters.

SCENA IV.

Enter Earl of Oxford, Lord Chandew.

Oxford. Twice through our Quarters I have walk'd the Round,
And to my Wonder, have not *Richmond* found :
Can he his Person in a Season hid,
When the next Day must Royalty decide ?
The knowledge of his absence from the Camp
Would all the Courage of our Army damp.

Chandew. In Common Souldiers I did never see

Minds so prepar'd for Fight, and Victorie.

Oxford. My Lord, this Land does yield a sturdy breed,
Which, when they are well fed will freely bleed:
You *French* have question'd, if they eat, or fight
With greater appetite, or more delight?

Chandew. I must allow, though yet a stranger here,
That your Clime only such a Race does bear.

French courage is to Noble Blood confin'd;
The rest are Slaves in Body, and in Mind.

[*Enter Officer and delivers a Message. Exit.*]

Oxford. My Lord, this message does encrease my Fear;
We nothing yet can of our Gen'ral hear.

Chandew. Heaven give him safety; and I only crave,
He may a Conquest find, and I a Grave.

Oxford. By sudden starts you shew a smother'd grief:
Unvented Sorrows seldom find relief.

Chandew. I long have wish't to empty in your Breast
A grief, which may be pity'd, not redrest:
A grief, whose lenitive is such a Pain,
As strongest Nature hardly can sustain:
A Daughter's Death is all the Favour now,
That Heaven's Compassion can a Parent shew.

Oxford. What most you love, you hope and wish to lose:
What sadder Object can your Fears propose?

Chandew. Here you the height of my affliction see;
I hope her Death, I fear her Infamie.

Oxford. Your Grief concludes too fast; you cannot know,
But that she's safe in Life, and Honour too.

Chandew. My Lord, when I have told my Story out,
I shall too easily remove the doubt.

That Daughter, who did once make all my Joy,
And all my Happiness does now destroy,
Did so forsake me in a Fatal Night,
That she twelve Moons has wasted out of sight:
And this with Horror does my Grief renew,
For, if by Force surpris'd, she's murder'd too.
If not; I dread an uncompell'd Escape
More, then the mischief of a bloody Rape.

Oxford.

Oxford. In this sad Story I confess, there are
Just grounds of Fear, but not of your despair :
Those motives, which induc'd her to withdraw,
Perhaps may do no wrong to Honour's Law :
For, if she lives, she does a Mind derive
From you, which cannot loss of Fame survive.

Chandew. Your Friendship puts a favourable Gloss
On actions, which imply her Honour's loss.
But in this strait of Time I will forbear
To make you longer a Joynt-sufferer.

Oxford. The Night does waste ; and to the publick Eye
'Tis fit our General's absence we supply. [Exit.]

SCEN V.

[The Scene is changed to the King's quarters.]

Enter King, L. Lovel, Sir William Catesby.

Catesby. Miles Forrest is his Name ; a fellow stout,
And yet so dull, he never felt a doubt ;
Nor questions deeds ill relisht by the Laws :
He weighs reward, but measures not the Cause.
'Twas he, Sir, who out-went your swift commands,
When the two Brothers fell by his bold hands.

King. I, that's a Friend. Go, *Catesby*, call him in. [Exit Catesby.]
My Justice on the Princess must begin :
Her favour'd Int'rest has a double sting ;
For she can make, and can unmake a King. [Enter Catesby,
O fellow-Souldier, welcome ! Nay, come near : and Forrest.]
What Office in our Army do you bear ?

Forrest. I am Lieutenant to Lord *Lovel's* Troop.

Catesby. He does by more, then common service, hope,
That he already has your Favour won,
And merits to do more by what is done.

King. Employment, and Reward he shall not miss ;
The first old Company, that falls, is his.
And that his present wants I may relieve,
Catesby, let him two hundred Marks receive.

Forrest.

Forrest. An't please you, I can't talk, but I can do ;
I can spur on through good, and bad ways too.

King. I like him ; he's a blunt, plain, honest man.

Catesby. Sir, he'll talk little, but do all he can.

King. *Catesby*, I shall employ him in a deed,
Wherein he'll shew, he's hearty by his speed.

Necessity of State will not allow

Leisure for Scruples, which from Conscience grow :

Who follow Conscience, often come too late.

Forrest. Sir, as to good, or bad look you to that.

King. Well spoken : go, and from our *Catesby* be
Instructed ; your reward expect from me. [Exit *Forrest*.

Lovel. Sir, with your Person's safety can no way
Be found, this Execution to delay ?

Her bleeding, when in publick understood,
Will cause a Fever in the Peoples Blood.

King. If I prevail, I am above the harms
Of sudden Tumults, or intestine arms.

If I am lost ; *Richmond* my Throne may have ;
But he shall find his Mistress in her Grave.

Lovel. Your Strength so far transcends your Enemies,
That such precautions you may well despise. [Enter *L. Stanly*.

King. My Lord, I am transported with your sight.

L. Stanly. Your Souldiers now want but the morning's light,
To charge the Enemy, who, past retreat,
Are opportunely lodg'd for a defeat.

I come, led by my Duty, and my Care,
For your last Orders in this great affair.

King. Our Councel's call'd, and suddenly will sit ;
You shall receive your Orders, when we meet.

L. Stanly. Sir, in these Quarters I am much surpris'd,
Hearing, the Princess is so ill advis'd :

I had the honour once of her esteem ;
And now would fain serve you, and her redeem.

Be pleas'd to grant me free access, to try
How far I may induce her to comply.

King. After so many tryals, your Success
I question ; but I yield to your address.

L. Stanly.

(43)

L^d Stanly. Sir, though I lose my Pains, I'll lose no Time. [*Exit*]

King. Is not that Subject guilty of a Crime
Deserving Death, who makes his Prince affraid ? *L^d Stanly.*]

Catesby. It is the worst high Treason to invade
The chiefest Right belonging to the Throne :
All should a Monarch fear, but he fear none.

King. *Catesby*, I must on your great Care relye,
That his young Son may not escape your Eye.

Catesby. Sir, he is strictly watch'd. *King.* When we decide
The Field, he in these Quarters must abide :
If with the Father we should trust the Son
In open Battel, we should Hazard run.

L^d Lovel. You make your Creatures useles, when your Care
Acts all the painful Bus'nes of the War.

King. Mark these: the stubborn Princess, when I send [*To Catesby.*

The King shews two Rings to Catesby.

This Ruby, must her Life's short story end,
And this when you receive, young *Strange* must dye.

Catesby. When you command, my Duty must comply.

King. I came not lazily to wear the Crown,
But 'twas with watchful labour made my own ;
And so I'll keep it. Princes are not wise,
Who sleep themselves, and trust their Servants Eyes.
But, if at last I must my Power resign,
It shall be Fortunes Errour, and not mine.

L^d Lovel. Where so much strength, and Conduct joyn in one,
Fortune is but an idle looker on.

The Scene is changed to the Princess Lodging.

SCEN. VI.

Enter, Princess, Mrs. Stanly, Charlot.

Prin. When I am dead, let noble *Richmond* know,
That dying I did court the Tyrant's Blow :
To keep my Faith, my Person is destroy'd ;
I by a Grave the Tyrant's Bed avoid.

Charlot.

Charlot. It doubly would to us your Death transfer,
If I should tell, and he this message hear :
Madam, to me it were a happier Doom,
If I might kindly perish in your Room.

Prin. To me Death's Face more dreadful did appear
Far off, then now, when it approacheth near.
Death is a debt, which all to Nature pay ;
They clear it best, who dye the noblest way.

Mrs. Stanly. Heaven has design'd you for a Publick Good ;
Your Greatness yet lyes folded in the bud :
No Tyrant's hand shall crop it whilst it grows ;
You shall ripe Glory at the full disclose.

Prin. Your Kindness now does sound like flattery ;
Truth only should be spoke to those that dye.
You need not cast these mists before my eyes ;
I can my Danger see without surprise.
I only grieve, that I must leave behind
A Parent grown by too much love unkind.
A Mothers Tenderness makes our contest ;
She loves my Safety, I my Honour best.

SCENA VII.

Enter Earl of Richmond, L^d Stanly, and Officer of the Guards.

Officer. Though my Commission peremptory was,
Yet you (my Lord) upon your Word shall pass.

L^d Stanly. I know a Souldier's charge ; and would forbear
Without full warrant to adventure here. *[Exit Officer.]*

Prin. What may this vision mean, which does my eyes
At once with Horrour, and Delight surprise ?
But, since the faithful *Stanly* does appear,
I cannot think him brought a Pris'ner here.

Richmond. Led by the Duty of my Love, I come
Resolving to divert, or share your Doom.

Prin. Ah ! what can you divert by coming here
Disguis'd, and not an open Conquerer ?
When you your Danger rashly thus encrease,

How

How can you hope to make my Sufferings less?

Charlot What does his cruel Passion mean to do?

apart.] He'll lose himself, and for my Rival too!

Richmond. Let not my Hazard, Madam, waste your care :
Can I be safe, when you in Danger are?

When you are gone, what have I more to do?

All Cause of living perisheth with you.

Prin. Weak minds may throw away their Lives in vain,
And have Recourse to Death for fear of Pain :

If this were Courage, Women would not do it ;

Those, who dare least, are still most subject to it.

Richmond. On your account I owne my want of Heart ;
Here Fortune wounds me in my tend'rest part.

All other Storms of Fate my Soul could bear :

Only your Danger, Madam, makes me fear.

Prin. Is it an Honour, you reserve for me,
To be the cause of your Apostacie
From that high Courage, which has rais'd your Fame ?
You must not cast such Scandal on our Flame.

By your Concern for me you must be more,
And not be less, then what you were before.

Richmond. Ah ! Madam, whilst my Fears you thus reprove,
You shew your self a Stranger grown to Love ;
Your own Experience else had made it clear,
That Lovers Hearts are never void of fear.
Who thus are unconcern'd, act not the part
Of a Couragious, but a hard'ned Heart.

Charlot. If his be hard, 'tis only hard to me.

[*apart.*

Prin. I blame not your Concern to set me free,
But your Despair, which makes you thus neglect
The only Means, which can my Life protect ;
For if my Danger may diverted be,
Your Conqu'ring Sword must force my Liberty.

Richmond. How can I draw my Sword, when I descry
Your Fatal Ruine in my Victory?
The Monster baited, and then Furious grown,
Will all his Rage discharge on you alone.
But what we cannot by a Rescue gain,

Perhaps by an Exchange we may obtain :
 The Tyrant, jealous of the Chance of War,
 Will, to be seiz'd of me, your Person spare.
 I humbly beg this Favour at your Feet,
 In which your Safety, and my Glory meet.

Princess. By such a change I shall a loser be ;
 The Ransome over-buys my Libertie.
 Whilst you the Height of Love in this express,
 You teach my Gratitude to do no less ;
 Which will not let you here usurp my Room,
 Nor yield, that you shall rob me of my Doom.

Richmond. Has Heaven but mockt us with such excellence,
 Only to shew it, and then snatch it hence ?
 Can Providence want Power, or Will to save
 Vertue her self from the devouring Grave ?

Princess. Take heed ! your Passion does unruly grow
 Against your Reason, and Religion too ;
 Sir, when you injure those, you injure me :
 You must obey, not argue Heaven's decree ;
 And both our losses with a Courage bear
 Worthy of me, and of a Conquerer.

Rich. What shall I do ? when Heaven, and Love combine,
 To make the Danger yours, the Terrour mine :
 You are the Person hurt, and I complain ;
 Yours is the Wound, and mine is all the Pain.

Princess. These soft expressions of your kindness might
 In some more proper Season move delight ;
 But they offend me now, when you should be
 Preparing in the Field for Victorie.
 Pray, Sir, depart ; For you by Conquest must
 With Laurel crown my Temples, or my Dust.

Richmond. If this perfection (Heaven !) so like your own,
 Must only fill a Tomb, and not the Throne,
 How will our Faith subsist, how shall we know,
 That those above have thoughts of us below ?

Princess. When you expect a Favour, 'tis not just,
 Nor safe, that you the giver should mistrust.
 Let my example now instruct your mind ;

Be much resolv'd, and yet as much resign'd.
 So Heaven preserve you, Sir ! my Presence may
 Perhaps be guilty of your longer stay. [Exit Princess.]

L. Stanly. The Princess is retir'd ; pray, Sir, make haste ;
 The Night's your shelter, and begins to waste.

Richmond. My Lord, I go : only a word from thee,
 My faithful Boy, which may my Cordial be. [To Charlot.]

Say ; does our Mistress with an open Ear,
 When thou dost speak for me, thy pleading hear ?
 And yet alas ! What ease will it impart,

To lose her Person, and to gain her Heart ?

Charlot. Your Highness now may well these questions spare,
 Since her own Words did all her Thoughts declare. [Enter Mrs.]

Mrs. Stan. Pray, Sir, depart ; the Princess fears your stay. *Stan.*

Richmond. O ! who from Heaven, and Her would haste away ?

Exeunt.

SCEN. VIII.

[The Scene is changed to the Kings Lodging.]

[The Curtain is let down.]

Enter Catesby, and Ratclife at one of the Doors before the Curtain.

Catesby. You waited the first Watch ; did the King rest ?

Ratclife. His Bosom lodgeth an unquiet Guest.

Catesby. During the second watch, I tended him ;
 He often walk'd in Sleep, guided by Dream.

Enter Lovel at the other Door before the Curtain.

Who are you ? Stand : this is forbidden Ground.

Lovel. A friend, *Lovel.* *Ratclife.* O ! he has walk'd the Round.

Lovel. *Ratclife,* I left the King much discompos'd,
 His Mind still waking, though his Eyes were clos'd.

How is he now ? *Ratclife.* He starts ; then calls on those,
 Who with more quiet in their Graves repose :

This, when I watcht, I did with Horrour see.

Lovel. This does with what I saw too well agree.

When he sleeps best his Cares seem all awake :

Ill-boding Fate does these disquiets make !

Catesby. He dreams ; is that so strange ? you seem to me
By your Concern to dream as much, as he.
Can his crude Fumes of ill concocted meat
Such Womens Fears in men of Arms beget ?
These apprehensions misbecome that Night,
Whose following Day must be employ'd in Fight.

Lovel. Your Admonitions, Sir, you may forbear ;
Our care is more, then yours, but not our Fear.
He cry'd, Prince *Edwar'ds* kill'd ; then he did grone
For the like Murther on the Father done.
Then mention'd *Clarence, Rivers, Vaughan, Grey,*
And call'd them his Ambitions bloody Prey.
Next his late Queen, *Hastings, and Buckinham,*
And last of all he did his Nephews name.

Then he awak'd, and starting from his Couch,
Bade me depart, and not till call'd, approach.

Catesby. My Lord, this only shews his Active Mind,
Which with his outward Parts Sleep cannot bind.
His Restlessness does all our Quiet bring :
Happy are Subjects of a watchful King !

Lovel. Perhaps such Dreams may not deserve our Fears ;
Yet Dreams sometimes are Fates ill Messengers.
But Midnight is now past ; and Nature may
Need rest to bear the Labour of the Day.

SCENA IX.

The Curtain is opened. The King appears in a distracted posture, newly risen from his Bed, walking in his Dream with a dagger in his hand, and surrounded by the Ghosts of those whom he had formerly killed.

King. *Forrest !* Rogue, Traitor ! can thy Coward hands
Tremble, and falter, when thy King commands ?
They are not dead ; they walk, they threaten me :
Dispatch ; Kill them again, or I'll kill thee.
Varlet, make haste ; Go poyson, strangle, drown
My Brother, Nephews, Wife, to save my Crown.

Small

Small Victims may less Deities become ;
 To Sovereign Power belongs a Hecatome.
 My Breath shall raise a Storm, my Hand a Flood,
 And make this Isle float in a Sea of Blood.
 Hah ! Ghosts ? there are no Ghosts, nor ever were,
 But in the Tales of Priests, or Womens Fear.
 If you be Ghosts, to your dark Mansions go :
 If you be Ghosts, 'twas I that made you so.
 I of your Substance these pale Nothings made ;
 How dare you then your Conquerour invade ?
 Go home, dark Vagabonds ! must I not have .
 Rest in my Bed, nor you Rest in your Grave ?
 What Magick can Night-Vapours thus condense
 To Forms, which cheat, and terrifie the Sense ?
 Saint *Henry* ! get thee hence to thy cold Bed ;
 So tame, alive ? so fierce, now thou art Dead ?
 A holy King did not the Throne become ;
 Thy Godliness prepar'd thee for a Tomb.
 I did from *Temksbery* dispatch thy Heir,
 In the next World to be thy Harbinger :
 Would you have staid behind, when he was gone ?
 A Father ought not to out-live his Son.
 Hah ! Brother ? Wife ? Stand off ! No ties of Blood.
 Are by aspiring Monarchs. understood :
 They to secure my Crown did Life resign ;
 She in a Cup, he in a Butt of Wine.
 Peace, Conscience ! I long since have conquer'd thee :
 Yet still thou art dispos'd to Mutinie.
 Oft have I par'd thy Branches ; but thy Root.
 Does lye so deep, I cannot tear it out.
 Of Sovereign Power it is the only Curse,
 To be Successful, and then feel Remorse.

The Curtain falls.

ACTUS

ACTUS V.

SCEN. PRIMA.

Enter L^d Stanly, Sir Will. Stanly, Servant.

L^d Stanly. O Tyrant Honour! why dost thou impose
A Law, which that of Nature overthrows?
Heaven does my Vertue too severely try,
When to save others, my own Son must dye.

Sir W. Stanly. For common service common Minds suffice;
Heaven tryes the Great by great Extremities.
Honour's hard Tasks are only fit for you;
Who must subdue your Foes, and Nature too.

L^d Stanly. Brother, I know the Duty, which my Blood
To Nature, and to Honour must make good:
And in their Civil War I shall not make
A long dispute, which side I ought to take:
Nor shall my Sorrows their just Bounds exceed;
I'll grieve for Nature, but for Honour bleed.

Sir W. Stan. The same high Thoughts you to your Son transfer;
In whose green age ripe Honour does appear:
His Courage does the Tyrant's Rage defie;
All his Fear is, lest he should tamely die:
And, when he must receive the Fatal Blow,
He would his Valour, not his Patience show.

L^d Stanly. He must no Actor, but a Sufferer be;
And quietly submit to Heaven's decree.

Sir W. Stanly. His generous thoughts a high attempt contrive,
Which after Death may keep his Fame alive;
For he would give the World, when he must dye,
Exemplar Courage for a Legacy.

L^d Stanly. Alas! we can expect no great Success
From his weak Age, and from his Conduct less.

Sir W. Stanly. He has not weakly laid his great Design,
For, when the Armies shall in Battel joyn,

The

The Field will drain the Quarters ; and then he
 Hopes, that his Sword may set the Princess free :
 For the remaining Guards will be intent
 On their own safety and the War's Event.

L. Stanly. That Enterprize will need a stronger Hand,
 And Head, then his, to act, and give Command.

Sir W. Stanly. I with a Party in disguise have sent
 A Leader, who his rashness may prevent.

L. Stanly. May he succeed ! but Brother, now with care
 We must our business in the Field prepare.

Sir W. Stanly. Your Army I have plac'd in such a Line,
 That they with either Camp may easily joyn ;
 And to amuse the Tyrant, from that side,
 Where *Richmond* lyes, strong Trenches both divide.

L. Stanly. 'Tis well design'd : For, if we should declare
 By early Deeds, what our Intentions are,
 Before the Fight to Heat, and Tumult grows,
 We rashly should our dearest Pledges lose.

Sir W. Stan. This is most true. *L. Stan.* When we engage, your
 Must to our *Richmond* timely Succour bring. (Wing

Sir Wil. Stan. The Tyrant's Batteries are all pointed there.

L. Stanly. And I will charge brave *Norfolk* in the Reer.

Sir Wil. Stanly. I shall your Orders punctually obey.

L. Stan. Our Army wants our presence ; let's away. [*Ex. L. Stan.*

S.W. Stan. Where are those Arms ? *Ser.* Here Sir. *S.W. Stan.* without
 Those to my Tent, this to young *Strange* convey. (delay

Delivers a Letter.

Ex. Ser.

Richmond ! In happy Love thou conquer'st me,
 But I in Glory will out-rival thee :
 Drest in thy Shape I will thy Mistress woo ;
 And, whilst I court thy danger, court her too.
 Strange Charm of Love ! Must I my Life employ
 For him, who does my Happiness destroy ?
 I only am unjust, Poor *Strange !* to thee ;
 For all thy Danger should belong to me :
 And yet a nobler Cause cannot engage
 Thy blooming Valour at thy tender Age.
 He is most happy, who her Love obtains,

But

But he, who dyes for her, more Glory gains.

[Exit Sir W. Stan.]

SCEN. II.

[The Scene is changed to the Princess's Lodgings.]

Enter Charlot.

Charlot. If my great Rival dye, why from her Grave
May not my Love a Resurrection have?
No, no! Him, whom I love I so will serve,
That what I can't enjoy, I may deserve.
For him none shall do more, nor more endure;
I'll lose my self, my Rival to secure.

Enter *Princess*. *Charlot*, farewell: my Guards now furly grow,
And nearer wait, which Death's approach does show.

Charlot. Madam, you must not dye; For yet we may
The Tyrant's hasty Cruelties delay.
Let us exchange our habits; In your room
I'll plant my self, and intercept your Doom.

Princess. Ah Boy! how strange a Love dost thou express?
I'll never ruine thee by my release.

Charlot. Madam, I charge you by the powerful Name
Of your great Lover, and your mutual Flame,
To take my Life's Oblation, and allow,
What I to you, and to your *Richmond* vow.
I am resolv'd, though you my Suit deny,
Not to out-live the Minute, when you dye.
And, since I this have vow'd, let me not spend
My Life in vain, which may your Life defend.
Undress you, Madam, and prepare to flye.

Princess. Flye? Your Example bids me stay, and dye.

Charlot. To ease the Ship in Storms, what Freight is first
Thrown over Board, the choicest, or the worst?

Princess. This question puts a Period to our strife;
It bids me Honour save, and lose my Life.

Charlot. Madam, you build on a mistaken ground;

Reason

Reason must Honour's darker Loves expound :
 Subjects, who for their Prince themselves undo,
 In the most glorious way their Duty shew :
 But Princes, in whose Life the Publick lives,
 Should save what Heaven for Publick safety gives.

Princess. Who can the Brightness of thy Vertue doubt ?
 And when it shines so clear, would put it out ?

Charlot. Less will my Danger be, then yours, when I
 Am seisd for you ; For you, when seisd, must dye :
 But, when the Murd'ers find a Stranger, they
 Will pause awhile, and for new Orders stay.
 Then the Field gain'd may make us both secure.

Princess. But, *Charlot*, in what place can I be sure
 Of safety, when my Shape I change for yours ?

Charlot. The Neighb'ring Cloister will for some few hours
 (I having newly gain'd the Abbess) be
 Your Refuge, till your Champion sets you free.

Princess. Thy Kindness and thy Reasons conquer me ;
 And yet too much I hazard, vent'ring thee !

Charlot. Waste not your time in scruples ; Pray, be gone :
 Our work must end before the Fight's begun. [Exeunt.

SCENA III.

Enter L^d Strange, Mrs. Stanly.

Mrs. Stanly. Nephew, your hasty Courage I must chide ;
 [L^d Strange holds a letter open in his hand.
 This letter now must all your Actions guide.

Strange. Delays encrease the Hazard, we would shun :
 By swift Dispatch our Danger we out-run.

Mrs. Stanly. Hasty Beginnings halt before they end.

Strange. But does the Princess know, what we intend ?

Mrs. Stanly. Should I this Enterprize to her disclose,
 She might in Honour Scruples interpose.

Strange. Must she be sav'd against her own Consent,
 Lest, knowing it, she should the means prevent ?

Mrs. Stanly. But to conceal it, is the safest way.

H

Think,

Think, how her Person you may best convey;
 Whilst I the Abbess speedily prepare,
 To take the Kingdom's Pledge into her Care.
 And, pray, be watchful lest the searching Eye
 Of *Catesby* should our Enterprize descry.
 The Captain, whom my Brother sent, you must
 With all the Conduct of this Bus'ness trust.

Strange. With you the dull, and slow are only Wise;
 The Phlegme of so much Caution I despise.

Mrs. Stan. Your own distemper'd Heat does judge him Cold;
 For you are more too Young, then he too Old. [Enter Captain.

Cap. My Lord, the Armies are engag'd; and now
 You may your Ardour in your Actions shew.
 Whilst *Stanly's* Name does in the Field afford
 Originals to lengthen Fames Record,
 Your growing Valour here in narrower space
 May living Copies of their Glory trace.

Strange. Captain, you have restor'd my Libertie;
 And now my Freedom shall the Princess free.

Mrs. Stanly. May thy brave Courage with success be blest;
 Whilst I prepare to lodge our Royal Guest. [Exeunt several ways.

SCEN. IV.

Enter Catesby, Forrest, Lieutenant and Soldiers.

Catesby. The King has made you his great Confident;
 And now your Fortune may your Hopes prevent.
 When you receive the Sign, strike quick, and sure.

Forrest. Give but the Word, and think the Deed secure.]
 The little Worm, call'd Conscience, wants a sting:
 Hell may be feign'd; I'm certain of the King.

And, since his mind is known, what need we stay
 For tedious Orders? *Catesby.* Hold; you must obey
 The Rules prescrib'd; and watchfully attend,
 Till I your Orders from the Army send. [Exit *Catesby.*

Lieutenant. Good Master Captain, teach your old Cam'rade
 The fine new knack to be a Captain made.
 None, by your Worship's leave, could ever see

Your

Your bashful Valour face an Enemy.

Forrest. My Courage by the King is known and try'd.

Lieutenant. Kings may know more then all the World beside.
You can shew Bruises of your Tavern-Wars;
And turn the Ale-wifes Scratches into Scars.

Forrest. Lieutenant, you will halt in your Career,
When Neck, and Heels shall feel your Officer.
Were it not for the bus'ness now in hand----

Lieutenant. You would do much! I should not idle stand.
Go, go, complain; that I may be cashier'd;
I'd rather starve, then be thus Officer'd.

Forrest. Stand. [*The Princess in Charlot's attire crosseth the*

Lieutenant. 'Tis the Lady's Page. *Stage with her Handker-*

Forrest. Then let him pass. *cher before her Eyes, as if she were*
Poor Rogue! he shortly will be turn'd to Grass. *weeping.]*

Lieutenant. Must all the Princess Family disband?

Forrest. When the Tree falls, how can the Ivy stand?

A noise of Swords in the Princess Lodgings.

Swords in the Princess lodgings! quickly go,

And see how matters pass. *Lieutenant.* You must come too:

When danger calls, you send your Messenger.

A Pox on those, that cannot hide their fear! [*He thrusts Forrest*
in before him.

SCEN. V.

Enter Queen.

Queen. Heaven! If my Child must not your mercy find,
Let me, when she departs, not stay behind!

I can endure no more: The hand of Fate

On tir'd-out Nature lays too great a Weight.

Enter Lord Strange leading Charlot in the Princess dress.

L. Strange. Now, Madam, pray look up: trust your own Eyes:
To Charlot suppos'd to be the Princess.

Your Servants guard you, not your Enemies.

Madam, you come in a most happy hour;

To the Queen.

To rule her Fears we need a Mothers Power.

Queen. I wonder not, that she's amaz'd. *I*

Mistrust my Sense in this Delivery.
Come, Daughter, give my Eyes the Joy to see
My dearest Captive set at libertie.

Charlot. I, Madam, who your pleasure thus obey,
Am not your Daughter; she's convey'd away :
And you the means of her Escape may guess,
When you behold me in my borrow'd Dress :
As mine abus'd our Friends, so her Disguise
More happily deceiv'd our Enemies.

[*Charlot*
unveils.

Queen. Her absence does my former pain repeat,
Ah! bring me to the place of her retreat.

Charlot. You'll find her at the Cloister fix't in Prayer :
Heaven, and Religion now her Guardians are.

Strange. *Charlot* I little thought, I could by thee
In this bold Rescue so transcended be.

Madam, as faithful Guards, we shall attend
Your Person; and the Princess Life defend.

To the Queen.
[*Exeunt.*

SCEN. VI.

The Scene is changed to Bosworth-Field.

Enter King, Lovel, Ratcliffe, and Souldiers.

Richmond's Standard taken by the King is carried in Triumph before
(him.

King. Behold the Traitor's Standard! here we see,
Heaven gives an earnest of full Victorie.

Lovel. You the great *Brandon* slew; you this have gain'd :
We owe the day, Sir, to your single hand.
No Monarch's story boasts so high a deed;
As Kings all men surpass, you Kings exceed.

Ratcliffe. You all the glorious marks of Conquest wear,
And greater, then your self, this day appear.
I saw stout *Cheyne* fall by your strong hand;
That sturdy Oak could not your Thunder stand.

King. *Richmond* was next; I had him in my Eye;
But he was shelter'd by my Victory.

Such

Such heaps of Bodies did obstruct my way,
That my own Conquests did my Conquest stay,
And *Richmond* for the safety of his Head
Ow'd less unto the Living, than the Dead. [*A Charge is sounded.*

Lovel. Hark! a fresh Charge they sound! these desp'rate men
Rally their broken Force, to break again.

Enter *Souldier*. Treason, Sir, Treason! *Stanly's* false Brigade
Have left your Colours, and our Men invade:

Richmond in person leads them on; and all,
That have oppos'd them, either flye, or fall.

King. Perfidious Slaves! *Ratcliffe*, without delay
These Fatal Rings to *Catesby's* hands convey.

I'll blast the Fruit of all their Victory:

Strange, and the Princess shall together dye.

Come; shew me *Richmond*: for I'll break through all [*To the Sould.*
His Guards, and crush the Traytor with my fall. [*Exit King, &c.*

Enter *King*, and *Sir W. Stan.* habited like *Richmond* at several doors.

King. Ha! is it he? now Fortune, thou art kind!

Sir W. Stanly. Enjoy your wish; For *Richmond* here you find.
Come, Sir, dispatch this work the shortest way:
Our single hands will best decide the day.

King. Agree'd: of all my Stars I ask no more!
Thou art the only Saint, whom I implore. [*kissing his sword.*
They fight.

Enter *Rich.* What Vision's this, which does abuse my eye?

[*with Souldiers.*

Richmond interposeth.

Have I a Ghost, that walks before I dye?

Who ere thou art (bold Champion) shew thy Face:

Thou dost usurp my Person, and my place.

King. The Dragon's Teeth are sown in *Bosworth* Field,
Which does a Harvest of arm'd *Richmonds* yield!

[*Sir William Stanly pulls up the Vizard of his Helmet.*

Rich. Sir *William Stanly*! *King.* Traytor! thy false heart
Shall taste my vengeance. *Richmond.* Hold, Sir; let my part
Be acted first: you needs must know this Face:
The Shadow to the substance must give place.

Sir W. Stan. Great Sir, the Law of Arms proclaims my right;
My Sword began it, and must end the Fight.

Richmond.

Richmond. Not a word more ; or I shall look on you,
As on the worst Usurper of the two.

King. End your contention : both employ'd shall be.

Rich. This Sword, and Justice otherwise decree. [*They fight.*
How great thy Fame had bin, hadst thou been good ! [*the King falls.*
Pursue the flying ; but spare *English* Blood. [*Ex. Sould. in pursuit.*

King. Fate ! art thou just ? what Crime is laid on me,
But the resemblance of thy Tyranny ?
Since I must lose my Throne, I only crave,
That nothing may be found beyond the Grave. [*dies.*

Rich. Remove the Corps. Heaven, thou art just, and good !
So Tyrants rise, and so they fall in Blood.
My gallant likeness, you must now reveal
The cause of this extravagance of Zeal.

Sir W. Stan. Great Sir, I took your shape, because I knew,
The Tyrant's Rage did chiefly aim at you.
My Loyal care made me ambitious grow
To rob you of your danger, and your Foe.

Richmond. My Person you in Fight so well became,
That, what was like, I wish, had been the same.

Enter *Oxford.* Sir, all the bus'ness of the War is done :
The Living and the Dead your Conquest own :
The yielding Foe makes useless all our Swords,
And for your Mercy only work affords.

Richmond. My Lord, when we are Dust, our Race will know,
How much this Day I to your Conduct owe :
The Name of *Vere* to me, and mine shall be
As high in Honour, as in Loyaltie. [*Enter Lord Stanly.*

O, my dear Friend ! must I rejoyce, or grieve
In this great Triumph ? does the Princess live ?

Ld Stanly. Sir, she does live ; and her past dangers prove
The glorious Marks, and Trophies of her Love :
Her faithful Page has all our Zeal out-done,
And to redeem her Life, expos'd his own :
My *George* his high Intentions did exprefs ;
But only *Charlot's* Courage had Success.

Richmond. Heaven can my Joys no farther now improve,
Since I am blest in Conquest, and in Love.

My

My faithful *Stanly*, I shall need your care
 To prosecute the Business of the War :
 For I, my Lords, no longer can forbear
 To see her free, whose glorious Chains I wear. [Exeunt omnes.

The Scene is changed to the Cloister, where the Princess was retired.

SCEN. VII.:

Enter Lord Strange, Charlot.

Ld Strange. Charlot, such Faith, and Courage joyn'd in you
 Deserv'd to finish what I aim'd to do.

Charlot. My Lord, th' Event of my Design should be
 Justly ascrib'd to Fortune, not to me.

Strange. Thy modesty does but encrease thy Glory,
 And leaves to future Age an useful Story.

Charlot. What I have done deserves no memory ;
 I little did, because I did not dye.
 And now, my Lord, it were my happiest Lot,
 If I by all the World might be forgot.

Stran. What means these words? Would you the world forsake,
 When your brave Deed does it so Happy make ?
 Foul Crimes have made their Authours desperate :
 But can the Good, and Prosperous their Lives hate ?
 Your Life's my Gift ; Dispose not of my Due ;
 For, as you sav'd the Princess, I sav'd you.

Charlot. You did defeat me in my Souls chief Aim
 Of leaving Life with a reprochless Name.

Strange. Some hidden Mystery lies folded here !
 But hark ! the glorious *Richmond* does draw neer.

[The Trumpets sound.

Charlot. What shall I do ? my shame will open lye [to himself.
 To all the World, and to a Parent's Eye.
 In these Extremes what can my Honour save ?
 Relieve me, Heaven ! or hide me in a Grave !

SCEN.

SCEN. VIII.

Enter Earlof Richmond, Oxford, Chandew, and Attendants.

Richmond. George, thou art now unpawn'd; thy courage shewn
To Strange.] In our Concern speaks thee a *Stanly's* Son.
 My dearest Boy, rise up: thy Actions may [To *Charlot.*
 Dispute with mine the Glory of the Day.
 'Twould make a Monarch Bankrupt to bestow
 That just Reward, which to thy Faith I owe.

Chandew. What do my Eyes behold? It must be she;
To himself.] And her Disguise reveals her Infamie.

Richmond. Why speak'st thou not? when all the World's become
To Charlot.] So loud in praising thee, canst thou be dumb?

Chandew. Must she needs chuse the most Conspicuous Place
 Of the whole Earth, to blazon my Disgrace?

Richmond. What sudden damp does on thy spirits seise?

Chandew. Death of my Honour, and my Souls Disease!
To himself.] Thou art a Blot upon my Name, which I
 Will rase out with thy Life. *Oxford.* Sir I descry
 A strange transport in my Lord *Chandew* too.

Richmond. What Mysteries are these? my Lord, are you
 Concern'd in that brave Youth? *Chandew.* Sir 'tis a Stray;
 From my Enclosures it has broke away.——

Richmond. My Lord, be well advis'd: if you would gain
 My Credit, and our former Love maintain,
 Reproch him not. *Chandew.* I cannot much delight,
 To bring that Crestures shame to publick sight:
 But, Sir, in equal Justice you will give
 To the right Owner's hands a Fugitive.

Richmond. You must not your displeasure thus exprefs,
 If you expect, I shall my Claim release.

Charlot kneeling Sir, I am yours; and have deserv'd your Hate:
to my L^d Chandew.] O, let my Death end this unkind debate!
 Take me, and take my Life; for 'tis your due
 First, as your Gift, and now by forfeit too.

Chandew. Since thou hast murder'd thy whole Family

Offering

[Offering to kill Charlot.

In their best Life (their Honour) thou shalt dye.

Rich. Hold *Chandew*, hold. What means this furious Heat?
In which you both your self, and me forget.

'Tis well, your merit weighs my anger down.

Chandew. Pardon my Passion thus unruly grown:
It did my strength of Reason quite subdue.

Rich. More, then my Pardon does belong to you.
But I am wrackt with Doubts: Rise, Boy, and free
My tortur'd Thoughts from this Perplexitie.

Charlot. O Sir; if I must here my Sins confess,
This Posture most becomes my Guiltiness:
And I this low submission doubly owe
In presence of my Prince, and Father too.

Rich. My Lord, are you his Father? *Chandew.* Sir, that Name
Turns my whole Life to Sorrow, and to Shame.

Rich. Rather to Glory, and to Happiness;
A better Son cannot a Parent bless.

Oxford. Sir, I perceive, where all our Errour lyes;
Charlot, suppos'd his Son, his Daughter is.

Rich. I am oppress'd with Wonder! *Charlot*, rise:
Whilst thy disputed Sex deludes our eyes,
Thou dost to me a Guardian Angel seem,
Which did the Princess's sacred Life redeem.

SCEN. IX.

Enter Queen, Princess, and Attendants.

Rich. Madam, at last Propitious Heaven affords
Success to the Endeavour of our Swords.
We at your Royal Feet our Persons lay,
And all the mighty Trophies of the Day.

Princess. Sir, these Submissions must not come from you:
No Homage from a Conquerer can be due.
Your Laurel should in Justice be a Crown,
For all by double Conquest is your own.

Rich. How gloriously your Servants you reward!

Princess. No, Sir; from that I am by Duty bar'd :
A Parent's leave must first the Gift allow,
Ere I the merited Reward bestow.

Richmond. Sway'd by my Love to her, whom you love best,
To the Queen.] I have unduly my Respects address ;
This Madam, for her sake, you'll not reprove :
All Laws of Ceremony yield to Love.

Queen. What you oblige me in, needs no Excuse :
And, Sir, I were unjust, should I refuse
My vote to such a Publick Happiness.
May all the Powers above this Union bless !

Richmond to the Queen.] I must with humble adoration kiss
the Queen.] The Hand, which does confer so high a bliss.
To the Prin.] Now, Madam, what say you? *Princess.* I must obey.

Rich. Succeeding Times shall magnify this Day,
Whose Fruitful Joys shall flow to distant Age,
And rescue Nations from Rebellious Rage.
But, Madam, in this Publick Jubilee

Charlot's Concerns must not neglected be :
This Fav'rite to us both does newly find
A Noble Father in my greatest Friend ;
And (what is yet more strange) that Fathers Eye
Does here a Daughter, not a Son descry.

Princess. I'm lost in wonder : but what ere he be,
No Sex can equal his great Loyaltie.
Now *Charlot*, ease my Mind, which longs to know
The secret Cause, whence all these Wonders flow.

Charlot. Can any thing, but Love, such Wonders do,
As have disguis'd the Soul, and Body too ?
Madam, I drunk my Poyson when my Eye
Did first his Image, whom you love, descry.
I was too young to weigh, how far above
The level of my Birth I rais'd my love.
My wounded Heart in *Bretany* first bled ;
And, when our Exile thence to *Paris* fled,
Leaving my Home, my Parents, and my Shape,
To follow him I made a bold Escape :
And to his Service I soon gain'd access,

Help'd by Industrious Love, and this feign'd drefs.

Princess. Charlot, no History shall ever show
So brave a Rival, and so kind a Foe.

Pity, and Envy both attend thy Fate;

Thou art more Generous, I more Fortunate.

Richmond. Ah, gentle *Charlot*! in a high degree

Thou hast at once oblig'd, and punish'd me:

The Torment of great minds I undergo,

Paying so little, where so much I owe.

Strange. Sir, I want Merit; but your Goodness may
For Service yet to come advance my pay:

Grant me your Favour in my great design

Of off'ring my Devotions at this Shrine.

I long have known her, and with envious Eyes

Have seen above my own her Vertue rise:

But, Madam, now a double change we find;

[*To Charlot*.

For your Sex alter'd has transform'd my Mind:

My Jealousie grows Love; and what before

With Envy I beheld, I now adore.

Richmond. Thy Passion makes me happy; and I know,

Your Father's Judgement will this choice allow.

Her Fortune, as her Birth, shall equal you:

Who marries her, marries our Favour too.

Chandew, I hope, that in this happy Bride,

Your scrup'lous Honour now is satisfi'd.

Chandew. Not only satisfi'd, but much encreast;

Where I unhappy was, I now am blest.

Charlot. How much must I to such Indulgence owe;

As on the Guilty does Reward bestow?

But, Sir, no Power can former Vows release,

Which bar me from this proffer'd happiness.

Ambitious Flames will ever upwards tend;

They may their Object lose, but ne're descend.

Mine still shall rise, and in a Cloister chuse

The lasting Love of an Immortal Spouse.

Strange. Ah! leave us not: Heaven wants you less, then we.

Princess. Vertue will leave that Land, which loseth thee.

Charlot. All Vertue stays, when you are left behind.

Madam, in vain you urge my settled Mind.

SCEN. X.

Enter L. Stanly.

L. Stanly. The Field does want you, Sir ; The Souldiers call
With loud Impatience for their General.

In this days Booty they the Crown have found ;
And all cry out, that *Richmond* must be crown'd.

Richmond. My Lord, they should their duty better know ;
For common Hands must not the Crown bestow.

L. Stanly. High swelling Torrents you as soon may swage,
As stop the Current of their Loyal Rage.

Princess. Come, Sir, these Mutineers I long to see ;
For I must joyn in the Conspiracie.

Richmond. He, Madam, who to you has rais'd his aim,
To more, then Crowns, and Scepters lays a Claim.

[*Enter Sir William Stanly bringing the Crown, with Officers and
Souldiers in a Military Pomp.*]

Sir W. Stanly. Behold the noblest Spoil of *Bosworth* Field !
This is the Fruit which now your Laurels yield.

Richmond. To this great Trophy, Madam, you are born,
Which by a Royal Beauty must be worn.

Princess. The Crown is yours, because in Battel found ;
And, Sir, as Conquerour you must be crown'd.

Richmond. By right of Conquest it belongs to you ;
For you did first the Conquerour subdue.

Sir W. Stanly. Madam, pray order my obedient hand,
Which waits to place it by your high Command.

Princess. Come Sir ; you must submit to this great Weight ;

[*The Princess, and Sir William Stanly put the Crown on the
Earl of Richmond's Head.*]

The People cry, Long live King Henry the 7.
Impos'd by us and by the Hand of Fate.

King Henry 7th. Since Madam I must yield to wear the Crown,
By this Submission I your Title owne.

I wear it, as a publick Mark to shew
My Power to these, my Fealty to you.

Sir

Sir W. Stanly. *Richard* is slain, *Richmond* is crown'd: and now
To the Princess.] I have perform'd the chiefest of my Vow.
 I shall hereafter only Glory woo,
 And all that Glory place in serving you.

Princess. That your great Merit recompens'd may be,
 I give you all, that's undispos'd of me:
 This seems a Gift, but it does substance want;
 All was convey'd by a preceding Grant.

Sir W. Stanly. Madam, did not the fulness of your Joys
 The weight of my afflictions counterpoise,
 I should in all the Triumphs, which adorn
 Our shining Conquest, be condemn'd to mourn.
 My misery with others Joy begins,
 Losing as much, as mighty *Richmond* wins.

Princess. In Honour nobly gain'd the Generous mind
 Does all the Charms of Love, and Empire find.

K. Hen. 7th. Were I not safe both in my self, and Her,
Stanly, thy dang'rous merit I should fear;
 Yet such a Rival no distrust can move,
 Who did usurp my danger, not my Love.

Princess. His Sister's merits too must be confest,
 Whose Faith shin'd out, when I was most distrest.

[*Enter Priour with his Companions.*]

Priour. The Church with Hymns answers the Peoples voice:
 Both Heaven and Earth at your success rejoice.
 I have a Blessing from the Clergy brought,
 Who pray'd with no less ardour than you fought.

K. Hen. 7. We scarce have subject left for farther Prayer;
 Our Wishes by our Joys exhausted are.
 Nor will Heaven's Bounty in our Persons end;
 On all our Race these Blessings shall descend.

FINIS.

EPILOGUE.

Richard is dead ; and now begins your Reign :
Let not the Tyrant live in you again.
For though one Tyrant be a Nation's Curse,
Yet Commonwealths of Tyrants are much worse :
Their Name is Legion ; And a Rump (you know)
In Cruelty all Richards does outgo.

First then by Acts of Grace your Power declare :
Newly install'd, all Princes gracious are ;
All lesser Crimes within their Pardon fall ;
And Poëts Sins are not held Capital.
For your own sake you must some Mercy shew :
Act not the Tyrant's Part, lest we act you.
A formal Critick with his wise Grimace
Will on the Stage appear with no ill grace :
Most of that Trade in this Censorious Age
Have little of the Poët, but his Rage :
Perhaps old Johnson's Gall may fill their Pen ;
But where's the Judgment, and the Salt of Ben ?

Yet for himself our Authour does declare
All that sit here, his Lawful Judges are :
For 'tis but just, that in our lawless days,
Since all Men write, all Men should judge of Plays.





